

THE LIVING AGE.

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NEW BOOKS.

THE REBELLION RECORD; a Diary of American Events, 1860-62. Edited by Frank Moore. Part XIV. Containing Portraits of Gen. Halleck and Major Winthrop. New York: G. P. Putnam.

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MARCH.

THE bud is in the bough, and the leaf is in the bud,
The Earth's beginning now in her veins to feel
the blood,
Which, warmed by Summer suns in th' alembic
of the vine,
From her founts will overrun in a ruddy gush of wine.

The perfume and the bloom that shall decorate
the flower,
Are quickening in the gloom of their subterranean bower;
And the juices meant to feed trees, vegetables,
fruits,
Unerringly proceed to their pre-appointed roots.

How awful is the thought of the wonders underground,
Of the mystic changes wrought in the silent,
dark profound:
How each thing upward tends by necessity decreed,
And a world's support depends on the shooting
of a seed!

The Summer's in her ark, and this sunny-pinioned day
Is commissioned to remark whether Winter
holds her sway;
Go back, thou dove of peace with the myrtle on
thy wing,
Say that floods and tempests cease, and the
world is ripe for Spring.

Thou hast fanned the sleeping Earth till her
dreams are all of flowers,
And the waters look in mirth for their overhanging bowers;
The forest seems to listen for the rustle of its
leaves,
And the very skies to glisten in the hope of
Summer eves.

Thy vivifying spell has been felt beneath the
wave,
By the dormouse in its cell, and the mole within
its cave;
And the Summer tribes that creep, or in air
expand their wing,
Have started from their sleep at the summons
of the Spring.

The cattle lift their voices from the valleys and
the hills,
And the feathered race rejoices with a gush of
tuneful bills;
And if this cloudless arch fills the poet's song
with glee,
O thou sunny first of March, be it dedicate to
thee.

HORACE SMITH.

ALBERT THE GOOD.

MR. TENNYSON has dedicated his new edition of the "Idylls of the King" to the memory of Albert the Good, in the following lines:—

DEDICATION.

These to His Memory—since he held them dear,
Perchance as finding there unconsciously
Some image of himself—I dedicate,
I dedicate, I consecrate with tears—
These Idylls.

And indeed He seems to me
Scarce other than my own ideal knight,
"Who revered his conscience as his king;
Whose glory was, redressing human wrong;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it;
Who loved one only and who claved to her—"
Her—over all whose realms to their last isle,
Commingled with the gloom of imminent war,
The shadow of His loss moved like eclipse,
Darkening the world. We have lost Him: He
is gone:

We know him now: all narrow jealousies
Are silent; and we see him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise,
With what sublime repression of himself,
And in what limits, and how tenderly;
Not swaying to this faction or to that;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of winged ambitions, nor a vantage-ground
For pleasure; but through all this track of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
And blackens every blot: for where is he,
Who dares foreshadow for an only son
A lovelier life, a more unstained, than His?
Or how should England dreaming of *His* sons
Hope more for these than some inheritance
Of such a life, a heart, a mind as thine,
Thus noble Father of her Kings to be,
Laborious for her people and her poor—
Voice in the rich dawn of an ampler day—
Far-sighted summoner of War and Waste
To fruitful strifes and rivalries of peace—
Sweet nature gilded by the gracious gleam
Of letters, dear to Science, dear to Art,
Dear to thy land and ours, a Prince indeed,
Beyond all titles, and a household name,
Hereafter, through all times, Albert the Good.

Break not O woman's heart, still endure;
Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure,
Remembering all the beauty of that star
Which shone so close beside Thee, that ye made
One light together, but has past and left
The Crown a lonely splendor.

May all love,
His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow Thee,
The love of all Thy sons encompass Thee,
The love of all Thy daughters cherish Thee,
The love of all Thy people comfort Thee,
Till God's love set Thee at His side again!

From The New Monthly Magazine.
THE CONSTABLE BOURBON.

MICHELET is clear that the young cadet of the Montpensier family was made Constable of France, simply because the king's mother, Louise of Savoy, was over head and ears in love with him. "Maladive, mais belle encore, passionnée, violente et sensuelle, elle avait fait trêve aux galanteries; elle avait un amour." The young man of whom she was enamored—of sombre mien, and tragic Italian aspect (a Gonzague he was, on his mother's side)—had married the heiress of Bourbon, a little humpbacked *malade*, who had not long to live. The king's mother, reckoned on this approaching decease. The Constable had become Constable by tolerating that august lady's demonstrativeness, to which, indeed, he so far responded as even to engage himself to her, and accept from her that enthralling symbol, a ring. This fatal present was the ruin of him: by means of it, Louise felt sure of holding him fast; in virtue of it she claimed him, pursued him, persecuted him, was the perdition of him. In the compass of that tiny golden round he might be said to carry about with him Louise and her fortunes. "Elle s'attacha à cet anneau"—and when the finger it encircled was cold as its own rigid, metallic clasp, she burned to have it back again, that *anneau fatal qui le perdit*, and caused search to be made for it, in sacked and smoking Rome, on the corpse of revolted Bourbon.

It was convenient to keep Louise in good humor by an apparent return of attachment and harmony in design. But the Constable was duping her all the while. His views tended elsewhere. He had no notion, in reality, of raising a seed of belated brothers to the king, by wedding the Savoyarde. His object was to marry a Daughter of France, a princess who (were but the Salic law cancelled) would give him a semblance of right. The two future queens of Protestantism occupied his thoughts,—the daughter of Louis XII., Renée, who became Duchess of Ferrara; and graceful, spirituelle, charming Marguerite d'Alençon, married unhappily, but then married to one of those figures whose look tells you, Wife will be Widow soon. Now, according to Michelet, Bourbon's plan was to win the daughter, Marguerite, by the unconscious agency of the mother, Louise.*

* See Michelet, Histoire de France au XVI^{me} Siècle, t. viii. ch. viii.

Constable Charles had a dangerous number of relatives among the enemies of France. There was a deal of the Gonzague about him, and very little of the Montpensier. Henry VIII., on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, was struck by the aspect and mien of the mysterious-looking sword-bearer. The Tudor's penetrating eye saw some way into the man, but only far enough to recognize unsounded depths below, that lay in obscure and unruffled silence, and might one day be stirred into perilous unrest. Bluff Harry mistrusted the man with all his heart, and even said to King Francis, "If I had such a subject as that in my dominions, I would not leave his head on his shoulders long." Louis XII., who, nevertheless, had been the making of him, was also distrustful of Bourbon's impenetrable manner. "I would rather," said Louis, "see in him more *openness* and gaiety, and that he were less taciturn. Nothing is worse than still waters."* Those still waters ran deep, and darkling; the undercurrent was strong, and often the untracked channel lay underground.

In a modern historical romance—one of Mr. Archibald Boyd's, we believe—a confessedly faithful portrait (romances are not the unlikeliest places for such) is given of Bourbon in his thirty-third year. He is there shown to us reclining "in a large chair, and wrapped in a gown of damask edged with fur." "His features, Roman in their outline, were dignified and noble. The skin had almost the darkness of a Moor's; but it was relieved by an eye whose great intelligence riveted attention and respect. The forehead was lofty, but was already furrowed and careworn; and the mouth, though decided, had irritability strongly marked in its outlines. Altogether, the face, though handsome, conveyed to the spectator a painful feeling, and like that of Charles the First, suggested the idea of a hasty and untimely end. Is it that coming events cast their prophetic shadows over the spirit, and give to the mind and to its outward expression, that character of melancholy which would be the necessary result of the fate they herald? His hair was long, and fell in ringlets on the shoulders of his doublet; his beard, more pointed than it was usually worn; and his moustache trimmed after the Spanish fashion, at other times, and in other men, a mat-

* Paroles de Louis XII.

ter of indifference, but in him supposed to express political partialities. A lamp was upon the table, and a copy of Polybius evinced the taste, and hinted at the profession, of the reader.

"Charles de Montpensier, second prince of the blood, was the only surviving son of the Count of Montpensier. In the days of Louis XII., the heir to the throne, Francis, Count of Angoulême, was educated at the Castle of Cognac, under the superintendence of his mother, Louise of Savoy; and thither, to share his studies, was sent the young Montpensier. The lad was handsome. The lady was a widow, middle-aged, and an Italian. Any one of the three qualities is a dangerous addition to female susceptibility; their triple influence was overwhelming; and Louise made a desperate attack on the affections of her pupil. It was not successful. Already the boy had formed for the young daughter of his hostess, Margaret of Valois, an attachment which strengthened with his years, and colored his future life. It was warmly returned; but state policy laughs at the heart's likings. The princess was married to the Duke of Alençon; and Montpensier, in his turn, on succeeding, by the death of a kinsman, to the title of the Duke of Bourbon, wedded that kinsman's only child and heiress, by the Lady of Beaujeu, daughter of Louis XI., and obtained possession of the estates of his house. The young Duchess Susanna, plain and sickly, gave to her husband three children, who died in infancy, and then herself followed them to the grave. Bourbon was a widower. With his freedom, the hopes of Louise revived. Like her sex, the duchess had become more loving as she grew older; and, determined on buying the affection she could not win, she induced her son, on his succession to the throne, to give the bâton of the Constable to his princely relative, together with the government of the Milanese. The gifts did not produce the expected return. Bourbon remained cold; and Louise, ever in extremes, changed at once her policy, and persuaded the easy-tempered king to recall Montpensier from Italy, and deprive him of what was the right of his military rank, the command of the advanced guard."

Some writers refuse to see anything else than woman's vengeance in the great trial-case, commenced in the name of Louise, August 12th, 1522, as heiress of the possessions of the house of Bourbon. Without denying woman's vengeance a share in the motives that led to this *procès*, M. Michelet

is inclined to believe that a main incentive lay in the consideration, that this man, Charles of Bourbon, visibly the centre of the malcontents, a cousin of Charles the Fifth, and related to the Croys and the Gonzagues, really looked dangerous enough to justify an attempt to undo him.

The Constable's origin is worth attention.* The Montpensiers descended from the third son of a Bourbon; the Bourbons, from a sixth son of Saint Louis. This branch, the reverse of wealthy, was devoted to war; they kept up a supply of generals. The Constable's father died Viceroy of Naples.

As for the Gonzagues, again, Marquises of Mantua, they too let themselves out as generals, in which capacity they were engaged by the Pope, by Venice, and by the King of France. Princes and condottieri (like the Dukes of Urbino and Ferrara), they "made" soldiers, and sold them ready made. Petty as their position might be, they had ambition the most unlimited—views that were lost in the dim and dusky distance. They contracted alliance with the Sultan, with Germany, in countries rich in fighting men: they married their daughters to the soldier-princes of Würtemberg and Brandenburg,—one, in France, to these Montpensiers. In later times, a Gonzague, who became by marriage Duc de Nevers, figured in the civil wars of France.

Their foresight served them right well. The Montpensiers, albeit younger sons of younger sons, *cadets de cadets*, had some capital opportunities thrown in their way, and were too dexterous not to turn them to account. As the royal houses were wearing out so fast, possibly they might ere long remain the sole representatives of the Bourbons; and who knew but that, as Bourbons, they might even arrive at the throne itself? These cadets, all of them, says Michelet, dreamed of nothing less, nothing else: *ne rêvaient d'autre chose*. Their devices show it. Berri, brother to Charles V., had for his device: "Le temps viendra" (I bide my time). Burgundy: "J'ai hâte" (I hasten). Bourbon: "Espérance" (Hope). Bourbon-Albret: "Ce qui doit être ne peut manquer"—which may mean Right makes Might, or, perhaps, What must be will be.

Charles Montpensier Gonzague was an

* See the tenth chapter of Michelet's "Réforme."

* The Duchess: a Romance. 1850.

orphan when Anne de Beaujeu adopted him. This second son of a Montpensier she raised, and helped onwards, and made of him the "brilliant, dangerous, fatal man, who was to be the ruin of France." Nothing could be more irregular than the match that was got up for him with the little deformed girl, not yet fourteen, the Bourbon heiress, by whom he was entitled to an "immense succession," which otherwise reverted to the crown. In 1504 the match came off. And now young Charles of Bourbon, "become sovereign in seven provinces, was led, by this prodigious piece of fortune, and by the frantic arrogance of his education, to indulge in atrocious dreams of breaking up France piecemeal." Two duchies, four *comtés*, two *vicomtés*, and an infinite number of castleswards and lordships, were included in the Bourbon domains—comprising a realm within the realm of France. This *bizarre empire* comprised not only the great central massive fief of Bourbonnais, Auvergne, and Marche (several departments), but very important outlying positions as well. And then again, "as if this monster of power were not formidable enough already, the furious infatuation of an intriguing woman superadded to his feudal strength the strength of silver and gold. She treated him as a husband, giving him, out of finances with the drain of a great European war upon them, three or four princely pensions: as Constable, 24,000 livres; as chamberlain, 14,000; 24,000 as governor of Languedoc; 14,000 to deduct from the taxes of Bourbonnais. He enjoyed, too, unheard-of facilities for adding to these revenues; on a single occasion he made poverty-stricken Auvergne vote him a sum of 50,000 livres! These amounts must be multiplied by ten, to give the difference in money value between then and now; and in those days, comparatively so miserable, the power of money was incalculable.

"The king with a degree of folly that surpassed his mother's madness, placed the Constable in Milanais, after Marignan, leaving the conquest to him, establishing the Italian in the heart of Italy, in the neighborhood of Mantua and the Gonzagues. All the vagrant bands of soldiers out of work would be flowing in his direction, both Italians and Germans. Before long, out of this Constable of France would have been made a King of Lombardy. What acted as a tie

upon him was, that Francis had no male child. He might be heir—might be in the curious situation of the king's father-in-law and adopted son, both in one. In 1518, however, a dauphin was born, and then, turning his back on the king's mother, he wanted to have Renée of France, daughter of King Louis XII., which would have enabled him, some day or other, to maintain that she represented the elder branch of the Valois, and so to oust Francis I., who, being of the Angoulême branch, had only the right of a cadet. To bring this about, what was wanting? The annulling of the Salic law, in effecting which he would have won applause, and been aided by his cousin Charles V., and by all those princes who had daughters of the house of France in their families.

"Louise, in despair, had at first thought of suppressing his pensions, with a view to subject the faithless Constable to salutary restraint. The king, in 1521, whether from distrust or jealousy, deprived him of one of his highest privileges as Constable, the right of leading the vanguard, of conducting the army where and as he pleased." *

Bourbon had now a pretext for treason. This personal slight must be resented by no mere stroke of individual retaliation. True, a man of patriotic feeling might have been expected to act rather on the principle of "the noble Douglas," in Scott's metrical romance—

"Or, if I suffer causeless wrong,
Is then my selfish rage so strong,
My sense of public weal so low,
That, for mean vengeance on a foe,
Those chords of love I should unbind,
Which knit my country and my kind?"

History, however, in the person of numerous representatives, has put the best construction on Bourbon's revolt, and espoused his side in the quarrel. Frederick Schlegel, who honors Charles V. for honoring great men, appreciating their qualities, and thereby attaching himself, calls it one of the noblest victories of all he had gained over Francis, when he "deprived him of Bourbon, at once the first of his vassals and one of the best generals of the age." Bourbon's defection, which was "almost necessitated," says Schlegel, "by the violent steps taken against him, if it cannot be altogether justified, may yet be palliated, and moreover must not be judged by the principles of public law subsequently established; it must, on the contrary, be judged according

* Michelet, *ubi supra*, pp. 201 sq. 2me édit.

to the then existing relations of the great vassals."* Among the incentives with which *Terzky* plies *Wallenstein*, in Schiller's tragedy, when urging revolt from the emperor, and alliance with the Swedes, occurs this passage:—

"Think not more meanly of thyself than do Thy foes, who stretch their hands with joy to greet thee.

Less scrupulous far was the imperial Charles,
The powerful head of this illustrious house;
With open arms he gave the Bourbon welcome;
For still by policy the world is ruled."†

But *Wallenstein's* mind, as yet hesitating and suspensive, cannot get over the obstinate self-questioning, so ill-boding and fatally pertinent as regards himself,—

"How fared it with the brave and royal Bourbon

Who sold himself unto his country's foes,
And pierced the bosom of his father-land?
Curses were his reward, and men's abhorrence
Avenged th' unnatural and revolting deed."‡

A breach between Francis and Bourbon, says one popular writer, was the more easily effected from the great contrast between their characters: Francis being gay, open, gallant, superficial, fond of pleasure, and averse from business; Bourbon, grave, reserved, thoughtful, profound, and laborious. "In April, 1521, the Constable's wife, Suzanne de Bourbon, died. He had previously lost the three children he had by her. The breach between the court and the Constable daily widened. In a northern campaign against Charles V., Francis gave the command of the vanguard, which, by a practice established in the French armies, belonged to the Constable, to the Duc d'Alençon. From that moment Bourbon regarded himself as degraded from his dignity. He was frequently heard to quote that answer of a courtier to Charles VII., who asked if anybody was capable of shaking his fidelity: 'No, sire, no, not the offer of three kingdoms such as yours; but an affront is.' Fresh injuries and insults were heaped upon Bourbon." For instance, the Chancellor Du Pradt, we are told, by examining the titles of the house of Bourbon, thought he saw, that by perverting the use of some words, he might be able to deprive the Constable

of his estates, and convey them to the Duchesse d'Angoulême, or to the king. He explained to the duchesse that she had a right to the greatest part of the property of the house of Bourbon, as the nearest relative of the deceased Suzanne, and that the rest reverted to the crown. "Madame [Louise of Savoy] admired the ability and zeal of the chancellor, and entered fully into his views. She is said to have flattered herself that Bourbon would choose rather to secure his rights by marrying her, than be reduced to misery. But the haughty and austere Bourbon, when his friends pressed him to marry the princess, placing in the most favorable light her power, wit, and riches, said that he was so sure of his right that he was ready to try it before any or all of the courts; he declared, moreover, that honor was far dearer to him than property, and that he would never again incur the reproach of having degraded himself by marrying a profligate woman." The result, it is added, of such a trial, under such a government as that of France at that time, may be easily foreseen: the parliament decreed that all the property in litigation should be sequestrated—"which was to reduce Bourbon to beggary." The same writer conjectures that if such a thing had happened in France two or perhaps even one century earlier, to a man so powerful as Bourbon at once by station and by talent and energy, the struggle would most likely have terminated in Charles of Bourbon filling the throne in the room of Francis of Valois. "As it was, another fate was reserved for Bourbon. Francis having obtained intelligence that he had entered into a secret correspondence with the Emperor Charles V., Bourbon was obliged to make his escape from France, which he did with some difficulty. Some proposals which were afterwards made to him by Francis were rejected by Bourbon, who had good reason to distrust his sincerity. Bourbon was now thrown upon Charles V., who, though not a little disappointed at receiving a banished man instead of a powerful ally, as he had at first expected, appointed him his lieutenant-general in Italy. He surrounded him, however, with colleagues and spies." In 1525 the result of the famous battle of Pavia, where Bourbon commanded a body of about nineteen thousand Germans, raised by him professedly for the emperor's

* Schlegel's Lectures on Modern History, XIII.
† Schiller, the Death of Wallenstein, Act, I, Sc. 6.

‡ Ibid.—These lines are omitted in Coleridge's admirable translation. We quote, therefore, from Mr. G. F. Richardson's complementary version.

service, "afforded him ample vengeance for his wrongs," not merely in that perhaps trivial and at any rate secondary consideration, the destruction of the French army, but "particularly in the capture of Francis* and the death of Bonnavet, his [the Constable's] chief personal enemy."† Every allowance, surely, is made for a renegade's grievances, in narratives of this purport; not less surely than that all his misdoings are darkened, and his motives put in the worst light, by writers like Michelet, who to a strong national bias, unite a dramatic intensity of description, ever eager for situation and effect.

In further exemplification of that favorable regard for the Constable which, on the whole, predominates apparently among English authors, the following extract from one who, though no historian, was a very popular bookwright in his day (and in fiction deservedly so), reads curiously in contrast with Michelet's portraiture. After saying that private animosities had long rendered Bourbon adverse to Francis, and that the English and imperial cabinets, aware of his disposition, incited the Constable to take the decisive step, "rebellion against his king,"—Mr. Galt tells us the price they at first offered for his treachery had been rejected, but that an accumulation of petty circumstances enhanced his resentment, and the terms being made more acceptable, he was induced to enter into the service of Charles. "Bourbon was a plain and gallant soldier; his enmity to Francis arose from the frankness of his nature, and the want of that dissimulation which, while it degrades the man, rarely fails to exalt the courtier. In the outline of his talents he resembled Surrey, then [!] the

hero of England;* but, with all the qualities which recommended him to the affections of his companions in danger, Bourbon was deficient in self-control. The principles of loyalty were, in that age, weak among military men, and renown in arms was a higher aim than patriotism. Though Bourbon must ever be regarded as a traitor to his country, his crime, in the opinion of his contemporaries, admitted of a liberal construction."†

About half a century earlier, the relations between another King of France and another Constable of France, elicited some characteristic comments from worldly wise Philippe de Commynes, which Bourbon may have read and *not* laid to heart. "The Constable," says Commynes, treating of the year 1474, "perhaps had a mind that the king should be afraid of him—at least I suppose he had"—and "Had I a friend in that capacity," the statescraftsman continues, "I would advise him to carry himself so, that his master might love him, and not dread him; for I never saw any courtier whose authority depended upon the awe he inspired his prince, but some time or other he was ruined, and by his master's consent. Many examples of this nature have been seen in our time, or not long before, in this kingdom, as in the case of the Lord de la Tremouille and others. In England the Earl of Warwick and his faction were a remarkable instance; I could name others in Spain and elsewhere; but perhaps those who shall read this chapter, may know it better than I. This arrogance generally proceeds from some extraordinary service that they have performed, by which they are so strangely puffed up, that they think their merit ought to bear them out in whatever they do, and that their masters cannot live without them."‡ The king's friends, in Charles de Bourbon's case, would think most of this moralizing highly applicable to that overgrown subject. Had he taken old Commynes' counsel, Charles de Bourbon would not (to pervert a pithy phrase) have outrun the Constable.

* Here is what Horace Walpole deemed a not unworthy historical parallel. In his *Journal* of March, 1778, we read: "Dr. Franklin was received at Versailles in form on the 17th, as Ambassador for the United States of America. This triumph has never been exceeded but by the capture of Francis I. by the Constable of Bourbon, which, perhaps, was inferior to Franklin's, as the latter was a private man, and triumphed by his own abilities over the King of Great Britain." (Last *Journals* of Horace Walpole, vol. ii. pp. 223-4.) Horace writes more loosely than usual: first making Bourbon's feat "exceed" all other triumphs on record, and then giving the palm of excellence to America's rare Ben.

† See the article "Charles de Bourbon," in the *English Cyclopædia*, 1856.

* Surrey, the hero of England, being *then* some nine years old. But Mr. Galt was not particular. Dates were not his forte, any more than style. On the latter subject, see Tom Moore's squib, apropos of the abortive Life of Byron.

† Galt's *Life* of Cardinal Wolsey, book iii.

‡ *Memoirs* of Phil. de Commynes, book iii. ch. xii.

According to a statement made to Thomas Boleyn by the Emperor Charles V., the occasional cause of Bourbon's eventual rupture with Francis arose as follows. The Constable happened to be in the queen's room one day, when she was dining all alone. Whether, meanwhile,

The king was in his counting-house, counting out his money,

deponent saith not, any more than whether

The queen was in her parlor eating bread and honey,

or what other traditionally regal regale formed her noontide repast. So it was, however, that she bade the Constable be seated, and go shares in the dinner. He must oblige her by taking "pot luck" (a phrase that excludes the bread-and-honey hypothesis): she could take no refusal, and would make no stranger of him. Down sat the Bourbon, accordingly, and, we suppose, began to exhibit his prowess as a trencherman. But all of a sudden the king makes his appearance. The Constable rises, and is for leaving the table. "No, no, *mon-seigneur*," cries His Majesty, "keep your seat. Well, now, is it true what I hear, that you are going to get married?" "No, sire." "But I know it to be true, I'm sure of it. I know of all your traffickings with the emperor. . . . Keep well in mind, you had better, what I tell you on that matter." "Sire, that is a menace! I have not deserved treatment like this." After dinner, the Constable retired; and to Boleyn's expression of surprise that the king, after allowing those threatening words to escape him, should have permitted Bourbon to get away, Charles V. answered, that the king, could not prevent him—all the *grands personages* being for Bourbon.

It did not take long to render the renegade ill at ease in the imperial service. He found that service anything but perfect freedom. He felt that Charles slighted and counter-checked him. The emperor for whom he managed to raise an army, and a victorious one,—that emperor who, at the period of Bourbon's defection, was without forces and without funds,—showed his gratitude by subordinating the ex-Constable of France to one of his own valets, Lannoy, one of the Croy family, viceroy of Naples, a Fleming void of talent. Pescara, too, was hateful to

Bourbon, who would gladly have shaken off his new allegiance, and began to sound England, whether his services would be better appreciated and better paid in that tight little island. Give him one poor month's subsidy, and he would levy a band, burst on France, carry all before him, and make Henry VIII. King of the French. When he plied this offer, he was still sore at the failure of his aggression on Provence, and that forced retreat from Marseilles which disconcerted all his plans. Curious to tell, it was by Renzo, or Rance (Orsini), an Italian, and his valiant legion of *proscrits italiens*, that France, on this occasion, was successfully defended against an assailing Frenchman.

"Quand Bourbon vit Marseille,
Il a dit à ses gens :
Vray Dieu ! quel capitaine
Trouverons-nous dedans ?
Il ne m'en chaut d'un blanc
D'homme qui soit en France,
Mais que ne soit dedans
Le capitaine Rance."

But so it chanced that le capitaine Rance was within, and succeeded in keeping Bourbon out. Experiences at home and abroad of this description, would hardly improve the best of tempers; and Bourbon's was neither second-best, nor anything approaching thereto. Some dissatisfaction with himself, must have constantly embittered the dissatisfaction he felt with his imperial associates. Now and then some precious piece of compensation would make him, no doubt,

"—grin horribly a ghastly smile,"

as when he waited on the captured King of France, the Pavia prisoner. Not that he let Francis, or any one else, see any token of exultation. And Francis himself is complimented by Michelet on his self-control, and mastery of countenance, mien, and accent, at this trying interview: "His [the king's] perfect dissimulation appeared that evening, in the bitter moment of his having to receive the Constable Bourbon. The latter behaved modestly, presented his duty, and offered his services. The king bore with him, and showed no ungracious visage. One author even assures us that he invited him to his table, with the other generals." *

Every day tended to widen the breach between Bourbon and the emperor. Charles

* Michelet, *Réforme*, ch. xlii.

had no sort of wish to constitute so ambitious an adventurer the absolute conqueror of France, yet was desirous of retaining, encouraging, and making the most of him as a perturber in ordinary, or general makebate extraordinary, a faction-leader, a live spark of anarchy and civil war. In short, just what Philip II. afterwards had in the Duke of Guise, Philip's father wished to have, and to hold, in Charles de Bourbon. The latter had no notion of being so had, and held, for any sovereign's will and pleasure. He had a will of his own, and was apt to consult it, and give it the preference to any potentate's *sic volo*. Mortifications abounded in his anomalous position; even the mildest synonymes with "traitor" or "renegade," "apostate" or "rebel," are apt to grate on a sensitive ear; and in oblique narration, or otherwise, he would often be hearing some such sounds.

Then again, as a well-disposed biographer has remarked, the roving and unsettled life he had led since his revolt, helped to produce in him something of the recklessness, and even ferocity, of the brigands he commanded, and to give to his natural ambition much of the genuine character of wholesale robbery. "It was in the complex state of mind, made up of such elements as these, that he came to the resolution of acting independently of the emperor, and commencing business as king on his own account. Fortune seemed to throw in his way one means of accomplishing this object, in attaching to himself by the allurements of an immense booty, the army which the emperor did not pay." Those "jolly companions every one" wanted work, and so did their captain. And that captain was the man of men to cut out work for them, and keep them to it.

"'Twas after Pavia's stricken field, while Francis was in Spain,
That Bourbon sent a message round, and took the field again;
The flap of his broad banner was heard in Germany.
And set the smiths a sweating both in Spain and Italy.
And soon he saw around him, of men a goodly force,
For nobles pledged their fattest fields to raise a troop of horse;
The fighting men of every land, the gentlemen and yeomen,
The cavalier and hagbutteer, the spearmen and the bowmen;

Beardless boy and withered cheek gathered from near and far,
All gallant hearts that wished to try the noble art of war.

Their teeth were clean, their purses lean: but thereat nothing loth,

They trusted well that Bourbon would find provender for both.

"Whither they went they could not tell, nor eke the why or wherefore;

But well they knew their man, nor more a soldier needs to care for;

They knew that France's chivalry had sunk beneath his star;

And Tremouille and Bayard, who taught him the art of war;

And, if he found his soldiers work, he also made them fat,

And Milan's honest burghers would bear them out in that:

Wherefore their hearts exulted when the pleasant spring had come,

And the lilies were unfolded at the sound of trump and drum."

Tentimus in Latium, was their leader's device now. He would take his merry, merry men to Rome itself, and let them plunder at pleasure the Eternal City. Rome was not built in a day, but it might be sacked in one, under leadership and by mettlesome companions like *his*. "Le voici en Toscane. The rains and snows of spring have not withheld. Not even revolts withhold him. His life is in danger; dead or alive, go he will; he resembles a stone hurled by fatality." * Rage, hatred, lust of pillage lend wings to his followers. The Germans are panting to force an entry into Babylon, and to lay their heavy hands on the very person of Anti-Christ; and the Spaniards are no less impatient to seize on treasures that have been accumulating for a thousand years, and to rifle the spoils of the wide world. The pope begins to take fright, and sets about arming the people. The youth of Rome, the servants of the prelates, the cardinals' grooms, the painters and artists too, receive weapons of war. Swaggering Benvenuto Cellini gets ready his arquebuse. But money, where can that be had? The rich conceal theirs, when about to lose it all. One among them does not blush to offer a few ducats. An offer he was to weep for, anon; if he paid not, his daughters did, and at the dearest price that daughters could pay—*de leur honte et du plus indigne supplice*.

"On the fifth of May," writes the most

* Michelet, t. viii. ch. xv.

picturesque of French historians, Bourbon, encamped in the meadows before Rome, sent a derisive message demanding leave to pass through the city; he was going to Naples, he said. On the 6th, a fog favored his approach; he gave the word for the assault. The Germans went fairly to work. As for himself,—who, in a crime like this, must at least be successful,—he seizes a ladder, and ascends it. A ball strikes him, and he is conscious the stroke is death. ‘Cover me,’ he said to Jonas, a native of Auvergne who had never left him. The man flung his cloak over Bourbon. But though Bourbon was fallen, the city was nevertheless carried by storm, with a great massacre of the youth of Rome. Guillaume Du Bellay, our envoy at Florence, who was come post to warn the Pope, took his stand on the bridge of St. Angelo, together with Renzo de Ceri, sword in hand, and so gave Clement VII., time to escape from the Vatican into the castle. From the long hanging gallery which formed the communication, he was an eye-witness of the frightful execution that was going on, seven or eight thousand Romans killed by blows with pike and halberd.

“Never was there a scene of greater atrocity, a more shocking carnival of death. Women, pictures, stoles, dragged away, thrown together pell-mell, torn, soiled, violated. Cardinals on the strappado, princesses in the arms of the soldiery: a chaos, a bizarre medley of blood-stained obscenities, hideous comedies. The Germans, who did a deal of killing at first, and made Saint-Bartholomews of images, Saints, Virgins, were gradually swallowed up in the cellars of the city, and there appeased.” The sober Spaniards, coldly cruel, and the Abruzzo mountaineers, agreed neither with them, nor with each other: the three nations had no fellow-feeling, no intercommunication; and for this, the Romans only suffered the more; “ruined and ransomed by the one, they fell into the hands of the other.” Altogether, it was “a tragedy, like the burning of Moscow, or the earthquake at Lisbon. Every time that one of these great capitals, which concentrate a world of civilization, is thus struck with ruin, one is led to muse on the universal death that awaits empires, the future *cataclysmes* which shall make this aged earth herself evanish,” *—when

* Michelet, t. viii. ch. xv.

“—the great globe itself
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve . . .
. . . Leave not a rack behind.”

But although meditations of this kind are awakened in the modern French historian, by the sack of Rome in 1527, he is constrained to own—*chose étrange, inattendue!*—that, at the time of that outrage, Europe was but slightly moved by its excesses. Nay, so far from indignant emotion being the vogue, there arose in more than one quarter outbreaks of brutal laughter, peals of savage mirth. Germany laughed: the spiritual power, the mystery of terror, was at an end, she supposed. Even the emperor, the Catholic king, laughed in his sleeve. “He disavows the deed, but his joy is seen through the disapproval; he makes no pause in the fêtes for the birth of his son. The Pope (thinks he), broken as a temporal prince, degraded and brought low, will never recover himself—but is henceforth the sport of kings.” The kings of France and England are “charmed with the event: so superb an opportunity does it offer of drawing contributions from the clergy, of sanctifying the war, of accusing Charles V. In short, this unheard-of, terrible occurrence, which should have dismayed the earth beneath and shaken the heavens above, made scarcely any sensation at all.” But whatever infamy there was attached to it, the memory of Charles de Bourbon had to bear. We can imagine any one that loved him, that cared for his reputation, and hoped for his well-doing and well-being, remonstrating with him beforehand in words the drift of which might be expressed in Volumnia’s appeal to Caius Marcius:—

“Thou know’st, great son,
The end of war’s uncertain: but this is certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name
Whose repetition will be dogg’d with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ: This man was
noble,

But with his last attempt he wiped it out—”

and by the ultimate act of his life, the act in which that life was forfeited,—

“—his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorred.” *

Not only was Bourbon the first to mount the walls, but, it is said, the first who fell, and this by a shot fired, we are told, by a priest.

* Coriolanus, Act V., Sc. 3.

Benvenuto Cellini, indeed, asserts and asseverates that he it was who shot Bourbon; but what bounds can be assigned to the *ipse dixit* or *ipse fecit* of that capital I incarnate? Possibly, quite possibly, he *did* shoot Bourbon; probably, quite as probably, he did not. Guicciardini leaves the question undecided—so that it comes down to after ages in the same category of vexed questions as, Who murdered Begbie? Benvenuto may answer, for all time, Alone I did it! But he was not more addicted, one surmises, to the *vero* than to the (more or less) *ben invento*: he might also be called Benvenuto Cellini, instead of Benvenuto, on the score of his imaginative skill. He was such a capital hand at drawing the long bow, that no wonder he was “up to” the great gun trick too.

Ben's autograph of the affair runs thus: “Having taken aim with my piece, where I saw the thickest crowd of the enemy, I fixed my eye on a person who seemed to be lifted up above the rest: but the misty weather prevented me from distinguishing whether he was on horseback, or on foot. Then turning suddenly about to Alessandro and Cecchino, I bid them fire off their pieces, and showed them how to escape every shot of the besiegers. Having accordingly fired twice for the enemy's once, I softly approached the walls, and perceived that there was an extraordinary confusion among the assailants, occasioned by our having shot the Duke of Bourbon: he was, as I understood afterwards, that chief personage whom I saw raised by the rest.”* It is handsome of Ben, after all, to admit of possible partners in this feat—to confess to agents and abettors, albeit himself directed the shot and gave the word of command.

But, whoever fired the shot, it told home. The bullet had its billet to the life's blood of Bourbon. Good Catholics would desecrate a judgment in this doom of the first man that mounted the first ladder against Rome. How far it might have daunted the host he was leading on, had the fact of his fall been bruited among them, or had Jonas failed to cast that mantle over his dying master, cannot be determined. It seems, however, only to have stirred up those who knew him fallen, to extra energy of exertion, and resolve

of revenge. The so-called “Dirge of Bourbon” in a modern romance illustrates this state of feeling:—

“When the good Count of Nassau
Saw Bourbon lie dead,
‘By Saint Barbe and Saint Nicholas!
Forward,’ he said.

“Mutter never prayer o’er him,
For litter ne’er halt;
But sound loud the trumpet—
Sound, sound to assault!

“Bring engine, bring ladder,
Yon old walls to scale;
All Rome, by Saint Peter,
For Bourbon shall wail!”*

Quid Romæ faciam? must have been a question that Bourbon put to himself, and in some sort answered. What should he do in Rome, when he got inside? Byron makes his Mephistophelean Cæsar put the query to the duke, point-blank:—

“What would you make of Rome?

Bourbon. That which it was.

Cæsar. In Alaric's time?

Bourbon. No, slave! In the first Cæsar's.

Whose name you bear like other curs.

Cæsar. And kings.

‘Tis a great name for bloodhounds.”†

The Byronian Bourbon, indeed, looks reverently on Rome, and talks of how those walls have girded in great ages, and sent forth mighty spirits. To his eyes the present phantom of imperious Rome is peopled with those warriors, flitting along the eternal city's ramparts; and he even conjures up a last Cato among them, who stands “and tears his bowels rather than survive the liberty of that I would enslave.” His views of providing a better government for misgoverned Rome—for in fact he is an administrative reformer, and something more—are sufficiently developed in this other bit of colloquy:—

Bourbon. “‘Tis necessary for the further daring
Of our too needy army, that their
chief
Plant the first foot upon the foremost
ladder's
First step.

Cæsar. Upon its topmost let us hope:
So shall he have his full deserts.

Bourbon. The world's
Great capital perchance is ours to-
morrow.

* “Crichton,” ch. vi.

† The Deformed Transformed, Act. I.

* Life of Benvenuto Cellini, ch. vii.

Through every change the seven-hilled
city hath
Retained her sway o'er nations, and
the Cæsars
But yielded to the Alarics, the Alarics
Unto the Pontiffs. Roman, Goth, or
Priest,
Still the world masters! Civilized,
Barbarian,
Or Saintly, still the walls of Romulus
Have been the Circus of an Empire.
Well!
'Twas *their* turn—now 'tis ours; and
let us hope
That we will fight as well, and rule
much better.*

What the actual Bourbon, however, might have thought beforehand, and how he would have ruled afterwards, are points about which we are equally in the dark. Cellini's, or somebody else's, bullet disposed of the question, summarily if not satisfactorily. It might be a soldier's, it might be a brigand's death; but death it was, and there an end.

The emperor made it one of the conditions of peace with the French King, that Bourbon's possessions should be restored to his family, and his memory "rehabilitated" with all the honors. Francis gave words of assenting promise to the ear, but broke them to the hope, as much as he decently or safely could. Neither the restoration of goods and chattels, nor the rehabilitation of credit or renown, was complete as Bourbon heart

could wish. But there was plenty left of the former, notwithstanding, to make Louis de Bourbon, the Constable's nephew, a very wealthy prince. Louis is said to have come in for not more than one-third of his uncle's revenues; yet even that huge subtraction, of two-thirds at one fell swoop, left him quite enough to feather his nest very comfortably indeed.

The Life and Death of the Constable would have been a telling subject for one of Sir Walter's historical romances. So he appears to have thought himself too; for we read in Mr. Cheney's notes of the great novelist's sojourn in Rome, in May, 1832,—only five months before his death,—that "Sir Walter always showed much curiosity about the Constable Bourbon;" and that when told of a suit of armor belonging to him which was preserved in the Vatican, Scott eagerly asked after the form and construction, and inquired if he wore it on the day of the capture of Rome. "That event had greatly struck his imagination. He told me that he had always had an idea of weaving it into the story of a romance, and of introducing the traitor Constable as an actor."* Alas, it was too late now, by whole years. The story should have been taken up in the days of Ivanhoe—not those of Count Robert, and of Castle Dangerous.

* See the final chapter of Lockhart's *Life of Scott*.

* The Deformed Transformed, Act I.

HORACE AND THE MONITOR.—A correspondent writes us to say that Ericsson, both the man and the battery, were distinctly foretold in Horace's third Ode, Book 1st:—

"*Illi robor et æs triplex
Circa pectuserat, qui fragilens truci
Commisit pelago ratem
Primus, nec timuit præcipitem Africum
Certantem Aquilonibus.*"

This may be rendered as follows:—

"Heart of oak and triple mail
Girt his breast, who did not quail,
First of men, to launch afloat
On stormy seas his fragile boat—
Fearless of the whirlwind sweep
Where South 'gainst North howls o'er the
deep."

—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

The trustees of the British Museum have subscribed for fifty copies of a new work, entitled "History of the Discoveries at Halicarnassus, Cnidus, and Branchidi," for the purpose of presentation to public libraries which cannot afford to pay for such expensive works. This book, of which there are only three hundred copies printed, the price of each copy being £12 12s. to subscribers, is by Mr. C. T. Newton, late Her Majesty's Consul at Halicarnassus, now holding an appointment in the British Museum.

THE Rev. Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, received £30 (\$150) for every monthly instalment of "The Religion of Life," published in *Good Words*, during last year. The chapters averaged about five pages each, and were written in leisure hours, without abating his discharge of clerical and philanthropic duties.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CONCERNING THE SORROWS OF CHILDHOOD.

ONCE upon a time, Mr. Smith, who was seven feet in height, went out for a walk with Mr. Brown, whose stature was three feet and a half. It was in a distant age, in which people were different from what they are now, and in which events occurred such as do not usually occur in these days. Smith and Brown, having traversed various paths, and having passed several griffins, serpents, and mail-clad knights, came at length to a certain river. It was needful that they should cross it; and the idea was suggested that they should cross it by wading. They proceeded, accordingly, to wade across; and both arrived safely at the farther side. The water was exactly four feet deep,—not an inch more or less. On reaching the other bank of the river, Mr. Brown said,—

"This is awful work; it is no joke crossing a river like *that*. I was nearly drowned."

"Nonsense!" replied Mr. Smith; "why make a fuss about crossing a shallow stream like this? Why, the water is only four feet deep: *that* is nothing at all!"

"Nothing to you, perhaps," was the response of Mr. Brown, "but a serious matter for me. You observe," he went on, "that water four feet deep is just six inches over my head. The river may be shallow to you, but it is deep to me."

Mr. Smith, like many other individuals of great physical bulk and strength, had an intellect not much adapted for comprehending subtle and difficult thoughts. He took up the ground that things are what they are in themselves, and was incapable of grasping the idea that greatness and littleness, depth and shallowness, are relative things. An altercation ensued, which resulted in threats on the part of Smith that he would throw Brown into the river; and a coolness was occasioned between the friends which subsisted for several days.

The acute mind of the reader of this page will perceive that Mr. Smith was in error; and that the principle asserted by Mr. Brown was a sound and true one. It is unquestionable that a thing which is little to one man may be great to another man. And it is just as really and certainly great in this latter case as anything ever can be. And yet, many people do a thing exactly analogous to what

was done by Smith. They insist that the water which is shallow to them shall be held to be absolutely shallow; and that, if smaller men declare that it is deep to themselves, these smaller men shall be regarded as weak, fanciful, and mistaken. Many people, as they look back upon the sorrows of their own childhood, or as they look round upon the sorrows of existing childhood, think that these sorrows are or were very light and insignificant, and their causes very small. These people do this, because to them, as they are now, *big people* (to use the expressive phrase of childhood), these sorrows would be light, if they should befall. But though these sorrows may seem light to us now, and their causes small, it is only as water four feet in depth was shallow to the tall Mr. Smith. The same water was very deep to the man whose stature was three feet and a half; and the peril was as great to him as could have been caused by eight feet depth of water to the man seven feet high. The little cause of trouble was great to the little child. The little heart was as full of grief and fear and bewilderment as it could hold.

Yes, I stand up against the common belief that childhood is our happiest time. And whenever I hear grown-up people say that it is so, I think of Mr. Smith, and the water four feet deep. I have always, in my heart, rebelled against that common delusion. I recall, as if it were yesterday, a day which I have left behind me more than twenty years. I see a large hall, the hall of a certain educational institution, which helped to make the present writer what he is. It is the day of the distribution of the prizes. The hall is crowded with little boys, and with the relations and friends of the little boys. And the chief magistrate of that ancient town, in all the pomp of civic majesty, has distributed the prizes. It is neither here nor there what honors were borne off by me; though I remember well that *that* day was the proudest that ever had come in my short life. But I see the face and hear the voice of the kind-hearted old dignitary, who has now been for many years in his grave. And I recall especially one sentence he said, as he made a few eloquent remarks at the close of the day's proceedings.

"Ah, boys," said he, "I can tell you this is the happiest time of all your life!"

"Little you know about the matter," was my inward reply.

I knew that our worries, fears, and sorrows were just as great as those of any one else.

The sorrows of childhood and boyhood are not sorrows of that complicated and perplexing nature which sit heavy on the heart in after-years; but in relation to the little hearts that have to bear them, they are very overwhelming for the time. As has been said, great and little are quite relative terms. A weight which is not absolutely heavy is heavy to a weak person. We think an industrious flea draws a vast weight, if it draw the eighth part of an ounce. And I believe that the sorrows of childhood task the endurance of childhood as severely as those of manhood do the endurance of the man. Yes, we look back now, and we smile at them, and at the anguish they occasioned, because they would be no great matter to us now. Yet in all this we err just as Mr. Smith the tall man erred, in that discussion with the little man, Mr. Brown. Those early sorrows were great things then. Very bitter grief may be in a very little heart. "The sports of childhood," we know from Goldsmith, "satisfy the child." The sorrows of childhood overwhelm the poor little thing. I think a sympathetic reader would hardly read without a tear, as well as a smile, an incident in the early life of Patrick Fraser Tytler, recorded in his biography. When five years old, he got hold of the gun of an elder brother and broke the spring of its lock. What anguish the little boy must have endured, what a crushing sense of having caused an irreparable evil, before he sat down and printed in great letters the following epistle to his brother, the owner of the gun: "O Jamie, think no more of guns, for the main-spring of that is broken, and *my heart is broken!*" Doubtless the poor little fellow fancied that for all the remainder of his life he never could feel as he had felt before he touched the unlucky weapon. And looking back over many years, most of us can remember a child crushed and overwhelmed by some trouble which it thought could never be got over; and we can feel for our early self as though sympathizing with another being.

What I wish in this essay is, that we should look away along the path we have come in life; and that we should see, that, though

many cares and troubles may now press upon us, still we may well be content. I speak to ordinary people, whose lot has been an ordinary lot. I know there are exceptional cases; but I firmly believe, that, as for most of us, we never have seen better days than these. No doubt, in the retrospect of early youth, we seem to see a time when the summer was brighter, the flowers sweeter, the snowy days of winter more cheerful, than we ever find them now. But, in sober sense, we know that it is all an illusion. It is only as the man travelling over the burning desert sees sparkling water and shady trees where he knows there is nothing but arid sand.

I dare say you know that one of the acutest of living men has maintained that it is foolish to grieve over past suffering. He says, truly enough in one sense, that the suffering which is past is as truly non-existent as the suffering which has never been at all; that, in fact, past suffering is now nothing, and is entitled to no more consideration than that to which nothing is entitled. No doubt, when bodily pain has ceased, it is all over: we do not feel it any more. And you have probably observed that the impression left by bodily pain passes very quickly away. The sleepless night, or the night of torment from toothache, which seemed such a distressing reality while it was dragging over, looks a very shadowy thing the next forenoon. But it may be doubted whether you will ever so far succeed in overcoming the fancies and weaknesses of humanity as to get people to cease to feel that past sufferings and sorrows are a great part of their present life. The remembrance of our past life is a great part of our present life. And, indeed, the greater part of human suffering consists in its anticipation and in its recollection. It is so by the inevitable law of our being. It is because we are rational creatures that it is so. We cannot help looking forward to that which is coming, and looking back on that which is past; nor can we suppress, as we do so, an emotion corresponding to the perception. There is not the least use in telling a little boy who knows that he is to have a tooth pulled out to-morrow, that it is absurd in him to make himself unhappy to-night through the anticipation of it. You may show with irrefragable force of reason, that the pain will

last only for the two or three seconds during which the tooth is being wrenched from its place, and that it will be time enough to vex himself about the pain when he has actually to feel it. But the little fellow will pass but an unhappy night in the dismal prospect; and by the time the cold iron lays hold of the tooth, he will have endured by anticipation a vast deal more suffering than the suffering of the actual operation. It is so with bigger people, looking forward to greater trials. And it serves no end whatever to prove that all this ought not to be. The question as to the emotions turned off in the workings of the human mind is one of fact. It is not how the machine ought to work, but how the machine does work. And as with the anticipation of suffering, so with its retrospect. The great grief which is past, even though its consequences no longer directly press upon us, casts its shadow over after-years. There are, indeed, some hardships and trials upon which it is possible that we may look back with satisfaction. The contrast with them enhances the enjoyment of better days. But these trials, it seems to me, must be such as come through the direct intervention of Providence; and they must be clear of the elements of human cruelty or injustice. I do not believe that a man who was a weakly and timid boy can ever look back with pleasure upon the ill-usage of the brutal bully of his schooldays, or upon the injustice of his teacher in cheating him out of some well-earned prize. There are kinds of great suffering which can never be thought of without present suffering, so long as human nature continues what it is. And I believe that past sorrows are a great reality in our present life, and exert a great influence over our present life, whether for good or ill. As you may see in the trembling knees of some poor horse, in its drooping head, and spiritless paces, that it was overwrought when young: so, if the human soul were a thing that could be seen, you might discern the scars where the iron entered into it long ago—you might trace not merely the enduring remembrance, but the enduring results, of the incapacity and dishonesty of teachers, the heartlessness of companions, and the idiotic folly and cruelty of parents. No, it will not do to tell us that past sufferings have ceased to exist, while their remembrance continues so vivid, and

their results so great. You are not done with the bitter frosts of last winter, though it be summer now, if your blighted evergreens remain as their result and memorial. And the man who was brought up in an unhappy home in childhood will never feel that that unhappy home has ceased to be a present reality, if he knows that its whole discipline fostered in him a spirit of distrust in his kind which is not yet entirely got over, and made him set himself to the work of life with a heart somewhat soured and prematurely old. The past is a great reality. We are here the living embodiment of all we have seen and felt through all our life,—fashioned into our present form by millions of little touches, and by none with a more real result than the hours of sorrow we have known.

One great cause of the suffering of boyhood is the bullying of bigger boys at school. I know nothing practically of the English system of *fagging* at public schools, but I am not prepared to join out and out in the cry against it. I see many evils inherent in the system; but I see that various advantages may result from it, too. To organize a recognized subordination of lesser boys to bigger ones must unquestionably tend to cut the ground from under the feet of the unrecognized, unauthorized, private bully. But I know that at large schools, where there is no *fagging*, bullying on the part of youthful tyrants prevails to a great degree. Human nature is beyond doubt fallen. The systematic cruelty of a school-bully to a little boy is proof enough of *that*, and presents one of the very hatefullest phases of human character. It is worthy of notice, that, as a general rule, the higher you ascend in the social scale among boys, the less of bullying there is to be found. Something of the chivalrous and the magnanimous comes out in the case of the sons of gentlemen: it is only among such that you will ever find a boy, not personally interested in the matter, standing up against the bully in the interest of right and justice. I have watched a big boy thrashing a little one, in the presence of half a dozen other big boys, not one of whom interfered on behalf of the oppressed little fellow. You may be sure I did not watch the transaction longer than was necessary to ascertain whether there was a grain of generosity in

the hulking boors; and you may be sure, too, that that thrashing of the little boy was, to the big bully, one of the most unfortunate transactions in which he had engaged in his bestial and blackguard, though brief, life. I took care of *that*, you may rely on it. And I favored the bully's companions with my sentiments as to their conduct, with an energy of statement that made them sneak off, looking very like whipped spaniels. My friendly reader, let us never fail to stop a bully, when we can. And we very often can. Among the writer's possessions might be found by the curious inspector several black kid gloves, no longer fit for use, though apparently not very much worn. Surveying these integuments minutely, you would find the thumb of the right hand rent away, beyond the possibility of mending. Whence the phenomenon? It comes of the writer's determined habit of stopping the bully. Walking along the street, or the country-road, I occasionally see a big blackguard fellow thrashing a boy much less than himself. I am well aware that some prudent individuals would pass by on the other side, possibly addressing an admonition to the big blackguard. But I approve Thomson's statement, that "prudence to baseness verges still;" and I follow a different course. Suddenly approaching the blackguard, by a rapid movement, generally quite unforeseen by him, I take him by the arm, and occasionally (let me confess) by the neck, and shake him till his teeth rattle. This, being done with a new glove on the right hand, will generally unfit that glove for further use. For the bully must be taken with a gripe so firm and sudden as shall serve to paralyze his nervous system for the time. And never once have I found the bully fail to prove a whimpering coward. The punishment is well deserved, of course; and it is a terribly severe one in ordinary cases. It is a serious thing, in the estimation both of the bully and his companions, that he should have so behaved as to have drawn on himself the notice of a passer-by, and especially of a parson. The bully is instantly cowed; and by a few words to any of his school-associates who may be near, you can render him unenviably conspicuous among them for a week or two. I never permit bullying to pass unchecked; and so long as my strength and life remain, I never will. I trust you never will. If you

could stand coolly by, and see the cruelty you could check, or the wrong you could right, and move no finger to do it, you are not the reader I want, nor the human being I choose to know. I hold the cautious and sagacious man, who can look on at an act of bullying without stopping it and punishing it, as a worse and more despicable animal than the bully himself.

Of course, you must interfere with judgment; and you must follow up your interference with firmness. Don't intermeddle, like Don Quixote, in such a manner as to make things worse. It is only in the case of continued and systematic cruelty that it is worth while to work temporary aggravation, to the end of ultimate and entire relief. And sometimes that is unavoidable. You remember how, when Moses made his application to Pharaoh for release to the Hebrews, the first result was the aggravation of their burdens. The supply of straw was cut off, and the tale of bricks was to remain the same as before. It could not be helped. And though things came right at last, the immediate consequence was that the Hebrews turned in bitterness on their intending deliverer, and charged their aggravated sufferings upon him. Now, my friend, if you set yourself to the discomfiture of a bully, see you do it effectually. If needful, follow up your first shaking. Find out his master, find out his parents; let the fellow see distinctly that your interference is no passing fancy. Make him understand that you are thoroughly determined that his bullying shall cease. And carry out your determination unflinchingly.

I frequently see the boys of a certain large public school, which is attended by boys of the better class; and judging from their cheerful and happy aspect, I judge that bullying among boys of that condition is becoming rare. Still, I doubt not, there yet are poor little nervous fellows whose school-life is embittered by it. I don't think any one could read the poet Cowper's account of how he was bullied at school, without feeling his blood a good deal stirred, if not entirely boiling. If I knew of such a case within a good many miles, I should stop it, though I never wore a glove again that was not split across the right palm.

But, doubtless, the greatest cause of the sorrows of childhood is the mismanagement

and cruelty of parents. You will find many parents who make favorites of some of their children to the neglect of others: an error and a sin which is bitterly felt by the children who are held down, and which can never by possibility result in good to any party concerned. And there are parents who deliberately lay themselves out to torment their children. There are two classes of parents who are the most inexorably cruel and malignant: it is hard to say which class excels, but it is certain that both classes exceed all ordinary mortals. One is the utterly blackguard: the parents about whom there is no good nor pretence of good. The other is the wrong-headedly conscientious and religious: probably, after all, there is greater rancor and malice about these last than about any other. These act upon a system of unnatural repression, and systematized weeding out of all enjoyment from life. These are the people whose very crowning act of hatred and malice towards any one is to pray for him, or to threaten to pray for him. These are the people who, if their children complain of their bare and joyless life, say that such complaints indicate a wicked heart, or Satanic possession; and have recourse to further persecution to bring about a happier frame of mind. Yes: the wrong-headed and wrong-hearted religionist is probably the very worst type of man or woman on whom the sun looks down. And, oh! how sad to think of the fashion in which stupid, conceited, malicious blockheads set up their own worst passions as the fruits of the working of the blessed Spirit, and caricature, to the lasting injury of many a young heart, the pure and kindly religion of the blessed Redeemer! These are the folk who inflict systematic and ingenious torment on their children: and, unhappily, a very contemptible parent can inflict much suffering on a sensitive child. But of this there is more to be said hereafter; and before going on to it, let us think of another evil influence which darkens and embitters the early years of many.

It is the cruelty, injustice, and incompetence of many schoolmasters. I know a young man of twenty-eight, who told me, that, when at school in a certain large city in Peru (let us say), he never went into his class any day without feeling quite sick with nervous terror. The entire class of boys

lived in that state of cowed submission to a vulgar, stupid, bullying, flogging barbarian. If it prevents the manners from becoming brutal diligently to study the ingenuous arts, it appears certain that diligently to teach them sometimes leads to a directly contrary result. The bullying schoolmaster has now become an almost extinct animal; but it is not very long since the spirit of Mr. Squeers was to be found, in its worst manifestations, far beyond the precincts of Dotheboys Hall. You would find fellows who showed a grim delight in walking down a class with a cane in their hand, enjoying the evident fear they occasioned as they swung it about, occasionally coming down with a savage whack on some poor fellow who was doing nothing whatsoever. These brutal teachers would flog, and that till compelled to cease by pure exhaustion, not merely for moral offences, which possibly deserve it (though I do not believe any one was ever made better by flogging), but for making a mistake in saying a lesson, which the poor boy had done his best to prepare, and which was driven out of his head by the fearful aspect of the truculent blackguard with his cane and his hoarse voice. And how indignant, in after-years, many a boy of the last generation must have been, to find that this tyrant of his childhood was in truth a humbug, a liar, a fool, and a sneak! Yet how that miserable piece of humanity was feared! How they watched his eye, and laughed at the old idiot's wretched jokes! I have several friends who have told me such stories of their schooldays, that I used to wonder that they did not, after they became men, return to the schoolboy spot that they might heartily shake their preceptor of other years, or even kick him!

If there be a thing to be wondered at, it is that the human race is not much worse than it is. It has not a fair chance. I am not thinking now of an original defect in the material provided: I am thinking only of the kind of handling it gets. I am thinking of the amount of judgment which may be found in most parents and in most teachers, and of the degree of honesty which may be found in many. I suppose there is no doubt, that the accursed system of the cheap Yorkshire schools was by no means caricatured by Mr. Dickens in "Nicholas Nickleby." I believe that starvation and brutality were

the rule at these institutions. And I do not think it says much for the manliness of Yorkshire men and of Yorkshire clergymen, that these foul dens of misery and wickedness were suffered to exist so long without a voice raised to let the world know of them. I venture to think, that, if Dr. Guthrie of Edinburgh had lived anywhere near Greta Bridge, Mr. Squeers and his compeers would have attained a notoriety that would have stopped their trade. I cannot imagine how any one, with the spirit of a man in him, could sleep and wake within sight of one of these schools without lifting a hand or a voice to stop what was going on there. But without supposing these extreme cases, I can remember what I have myself seen of the incompetence and injustice of teachers. I burn with indignation yet, as I think of a malignant blockhead who once taught me for a few months. I have been at various schools; and I spent six years at one venerable university (where my instructors were wise and worthy); and I am now so old, that I may say, without any great exhibition of vanity, that I have always kept well up among my school and college-companions: but that blockhead kept me steadily at the bottom of my class, and kept a frightful dunce at the top of it, by his peculiar system. I have observed (let me say) that masters and professors who are stupid themselves have a great preference for stupid fellows, and like to keep down clever ones. A professor who was himself a dunce at college, and who has been jobbed into his chair, being quite unfit for it, has a fellow-feeling for other dunces. He is at home with them, you see, and is not afraid that they see through him and despise him. The injustice of the malignant blockhead who was my early instructor, and who succeeded in making several months of my boyhood unhappy enough, was taken up and imitated by several lesser blockheads among the boys. I remember particularly one sneaking wretch who was occasionally set to mark down on a slate the names of such boys as talked in school; such boys being punished by being turned to the bottom of their class. I remember how that sneaking wretch used always to mark my name down, though I kept perfectly silent: and how he put my name last on the list, that I might have to begin the lesson the very lowest in my form. The sneaking

wretch was bigger than I, so I could not thrash him; and any representation I made to the malignant blockhead of a schoolmaster was entirely disregarded. I cannot think but with considerable ferocity, that probably there are many schools to-day in Britain containing a master who has taken an unreasonable dislike to some poor boy, and who lays himself out to make that poor boy unhappy. And I know that such may be the case where the boy is neither bad nor stupid. And if the school be one attended by a good many boys of the lower grade, there are sure to be several sneaky boys among them who will devote themselves to tormenting the one whom the master hates and torments.

It cannot be denied that there is a generous and magnanimous tone about the boys of a school attended exclusively by the children of the better classes, which is unknown among the children of uncultivated boors. I have observed, that, if you offer a prize to the cleverest and most industrious boy of a certain form in a school of the upper class, and propose to let the prize be decided by the votes of the boys themselves, you will almost invariably find it fairly given: that is, given to the boy who deserves it best. If you explain, in a frank, manly way, to the little fellows, that, in asking each for whom he votes, you are asking each to say upon his honor whom he thinks the cleverest and most diligent boy in the form, nineteen boys out of twenty will answer honestly. But I have witnessed the signal failure of such an appeal to the honor of the bumpkins of a country school. I was once present at the examination of such a school, and remarked carefully how the boys acquitted themselves. After the examination was over, the master proposed, very absurdly, to let the boys of each class vote the prize for that particular class. The voting began. A class of about twenty was called up: I explained to the boys what they were to do. I told them they were not to vote for the boy they liked best, but were to tell me faithfully who had done best in the class-lessons. I then asked the first boy in the line for whom he gave his vote. To my mortification, instead of voting for a little fellow who had done incomparably best at the examination, he gave his vote for a big sullen-looking blockhead who had done conspicuously ill. I

asked the next boy, and received the same answer. So all round the class: all voted for the big sullen-looking blockhead. One or two did not give their votes quite promptly; and I could discern a threatening glance cast at them by the big sullen-looking blockhead, and an ominous clenching of the blockhead's right fist. I went round the class without remark; and the blockhead made sure of the prize. Of course this would not do. The blockhead could not be suffered to get the prize; and it was expedient that he should be made to remember the occasion on which he sought to tamper with justice and right. Addressing the blockhead, amid the dead silence of the school, I said: "You shall not get the prize, because I can judge for myself that you don't deserve it. I can see that you are the stupidest boy in the class; and I have seen reason, during this voting, to believe that you are the worst. You have tried to bully these boys into voting for you. Their votes go for nothing; for their voting for you proves either that they are so stupid as to think you deserve the prize, or so dishonest as to say they think so when they don't think so." Then I inducted the blockhead into a seat where I could see him well, and proceeded to take the votes over again. I explained to the boys once more what they had to do; and explained that any boy would be telling a lie who voted the prize unfairly. I also told them that I knew who deserved the prize, and that they knew it too, and that they had better vote fairly. Then, instead of saying to each boy, "For whom do you vote?" I said to each, "Tell me who did best in the class during these months past." Each boy in reply named the boy who really deserved the prize: and the little fellow got it. I need not record the means I adopted to prevent the sullen-looking blockhead from carrying out his purpose of thrashing the little fellow. It may suffice to say that the means were thoroughly effectual; and that the blockhead was very meek and tractable for about six weeks after that memorable day.

But, after all, the great cause of the sorrows of childhood is unquestionably the mismanagement of parents. You hear a great deal about parents who spoil their children by excessive kindness; but I ven-

ture to think that a greater number of children are spoiled by stupidity and cruelty on the part of their parents. You may find parents who, having started from a humble origin, have attained to wealth, and who, instead of being glad to think that their children are better off than they themselves were, exhibit a diabolical jealousy of their children. You will find such wretched beings insisting that their children shall go through needless trials and mortifications, because they themselves went through the like. Why, I do not hesitate to say that one of the thoughts which would most powerfully lead a man to value material prosperity would be the thought that his boys would have a fairer and happier start in life than he had, and would be saved the many difficulties on which he still looks back with pain. You will find parents, especially parents of the pharisaical and wrong-headed religious class, who seem to hold it a sacred duty to make the little things unhappy; who systematically endeavor to render life as bare, ugly, and wretched a thing as possible; who never praise their children when they do right, but punish them with great severity when they do wrong; who seem to hate to see their children lively or cheerful in their presence; who thoroughly repel all sympathy or confidence on the part of their children, and then mention as a proof that their children are possessed by the Devil, that their children always like to get away from them; who rejoice to cut off any little enjoyment,—rigidly carrying out into practice the fundamental principle of their creed, which undoubtedly is, that "nobody should ever please himself, neither should anybody ever please anybody else, because in either case he is sure to displease God." No doubt, Mr. Buckle, in his second volume, caricatured and misrepresented the religion of Scotland as a country; but he did not in the least degree caricature or misrepresent the religion of some people in Scotland. The great doctrine underlying all other doctrines, in the creed of a few unfortunate beings, is, that God is spitefully angry to see his creatures happy; and of course the practical lesson follows, that they are following the best example, when they are spitefully angry to see their children happy.

Then a great trouble, always pressing heavily on many a little mind, is that it is

overtasked with lessons. You still see here and there idiotic parents striving to make infant phenomena of their children, and recording with much pride how their children could read and write at an unnaturally early age. Such parents are fools: not necessarily malicious fools, but fools beyond question. The great use to which the first six or seven years of life should be given is the laying the foundation of a healthful constitution in body and mind; and the instilling of those first principles of duty and religion which do not need to be taught out of any books. Even if you do not permanently injure the young brain and mind by prematurely overtasking them,—even if you do not permanently blight the bodily health and break the mind's cheerful spring, you gain nothing. Your child at fourteen years old is not a bit further advanced in his education than a child who began his years after him; and the entire result of your stupid driving has been to overcloud some days which should have been among the happiest of his life. It is a woful sight to me to see the little forehead corrugated with mental effort, though the effort be to do no more than master the multiplication table: it was a sad story I lately heard of a little boy repeating his Latin lesson over and over again in the delirium of the fever of which he died, and saying piteously that indeed he could not do it better. I don't like to see a little face looking unnaturally anxious and earnest about a horrible task of spelling; and even when children pass that stage, and grow up into schoolboys who can read *Thucydides* and write Greek iambics, it is not wise in parents to stimulate a clever boy's anxiety to hold the first place in his class. That anxiety is strong enough already; it needs rather to be repressed. It is bad enough even at college to work on late into the night; but at school it ought not to be suffered for one moment. If a lad takes his place in his class every day in a state of nervous tremor, he may be in the way to get his gold medal, indeed; but he is in the way to shatter his constitution for life.

We all know, of course, that children are subjected to worse things than these. I think of little things early set to hard work, to add a little to their parents' scanty store. Yet, if it be only work, they bear it cheer-

fully. This afternoon, I was walking through a certain quiet street, when I saw a little child standing with a basket at a door. The little man looked at various passers-by; and I am happy to say, that, when he saw me, he asked me to ring the door-bell for him: for, though he had been sent with that basket, which was not a light one, he could not reach up to the bell. I asked him how old he was. "Five years past," said the child, quite cheerfully and independently. "God help you, poor little man!" I thought; "the doom of toil has fallen early upon you!" If you visit much among the poor, few things will touch you more than the unnatural sagacity and trustworthiness of children who are little more than babies. You will find these little things left in a bare room by themselves,—the eldest six years old,—while the poor mother is out at her work. And the eldest will reply to your questions in a way that will astonish you, till you get accustomed to such things. I think that almost as heart-rending a sight as you will readily see is the misery of a little thing who has spilt in the street the milk she was sent to fetch, or broken a jug, and who is sitting in despair beside the spilt milk or the broken fragments. Good Samaritan, never pass by such a sight; bring out your twopence; set things completely right: a small matter and a kind word will cheer and comfort an overwhelmed heart. That child has a truculent step-mother, or (alas!) mother, at home, who would punish that mishap as nothing should be punished but the gravest moral delinquency. And lower down the scale than this, it is awful to see want, cold, hunger, rags, in a little child. I have seen the wee thing shuffling along the pavement in great men's shoes, holding up its sorry tatters with its hands, and casting on the passengers a look so eager, yet so hopeless, as went to one's heart. Let us thank God that there is one large city in the empire where you need never see such a sight, and where, if you do, you know how to relieve it effectually; and let us bless the name and the labors and the genius of Thomas Guthrie! It is a sad thing to see the toys of such little children as I can think of. What curious things they are able to seek amusement in! I have known a brass button at the end of a string a much prized possession. I have seen a

grave little boy standing by a broken chair in a bare garret, solemnly arranging and rearranging two pins upon the broken chair. A machine much employed by poor children in country places is a slate tied to a bit of string: this, being drawn along the road, constitutes a cart; and you may find it attended by the admiration of the entire young population of three or four cottages standing in the moorland miles from any neighbor.

You will not unfrequently find parents who, if they cannot keep back their children from some little treat, will try to infuse a sting into it, so as to prevent the children from enjoying it. They will impress on their children that they must be very wicked to care so much about going out to some children's party; or they will insist that their children should return home at some preposterously early hour, so as to lose the best part of the fun, and so as to appear ridiculous in the eyes of their young companions. You will find this amiable tendency in people intrusted with the care of older children. I have heard of a man whose nephew lived with him, and lived a very cheerless life. When the season came round at which the lad hoped to be allowed to go and visit his parents, he ventured, after much hesitation, to hint this to his uncle. Of course the uncle felt that it was quite right the lad should go, but he grudged him the chance of the little enjoyment, and the happy thought struck him that he might let the lad go, and at the same time make the poor fellow uncomfortable in going. Accordingly he conveyed his permission to the lad to go by roaring out in a savage manner, "*Begone!*" This made the poor lad feel as if it were his duty to stay, and as if it were very wicked in him to wish to go; and though he ultimately went, he enjoyed his visit with only half a heart. There are parents and guardians who take great pains to make their children think themselves very bad,—to make the little things grow up in the endurance of the pangs of a bad conscience. For conscience, in children, is a quite artificial thing; you may dictate to it what it is to say. And parents, often injudicious, sometimes malignant, not seldom apply hard names to their children, which sink down into the little heart and memory far more deeply than they think. If a child cannot

eat fat, you may instil into him that it is because he is so wicked; and he will believe you for awhile. A favorite weapon in the hands of some parents, who have devoted themselves diligently to making their children miserable, is to frequently predict to the children the remorse which they (the children) will feel after they (the parents) are dead. In such cases, it would be difficult to specify the precise things which the children are to feel remorseful about. It must just be, generally, because they were so wicked, and because they did not sufficiently believe the infallibility and impeccability of their ancestors. I am reminded of the woman mentioned by Sam Weller, whose husband disappeared. The woman had been a fearful termagant; the husband, a very inoffensive man. After his disappearance, the woman issued an advertisement, assuring him, that, if he returned, he would be fully forgiven; which, as Mr. Weller justly remarked, was very generous, seeing he had never done anything at all.

Yes, the conscience of children is an artificial and a sensitive thing. The other day, a friend of mine, who is one of the kindest of parents and the most amiable of men, told me what happened in his house on a certain *Fast-day*. A Scotch *Fast-day*, you may remember, is the institution which so completely puzzled Mr. Buckle. That historian fancied that *to fast* means in Scotland to abstain from food. Had Mr. Buckle known anything whatever about Scotland, he would have known that a Scotch *Fast-day* means a week-day on which people go to church, but on which (especially in the dwellings of the clergy) there is a better dinner than usual. I never knew man or woman in all my life who on a *Fast-day* refrained from eating. And quite right, too. The growth of common sense has gradually abolished literal fasting. In a warm Oriental climate, abstinence from food may give the mind pre-eminence over the body, and so leave the mind better fitted for religious duties. In our country, literal fasting would have just the contrary effect: it would give the body the mastery over the soul; it would make a man so physically uncomfortable that he could not attend with profit to his religious duties at all. I am aware, Anglican reader, of the defects of my countrymen; but commend me to the average Scotchman

for sound practical sense. But to return. These Fast-days are by many people observed as rigorously as the Scotch Sunday. On the forenoon of such a day, my friend's little child, three years old, came to him in much distress. She said, as one who had a fearful sin to confess, "I have been playing with my toys this morning" and then began to cry as if her little heart would break. I know some stupid parents who would have strongly encouraged this needless sensitiveness; and who would thus have made their child unhappy at the time, and prepared the way for an indignant bursting of these artificial trammels when the child had grown up to maturity. But my friend was not of that stamp. He comforted the little thing, and told her, that, though it might be as well not to play with her toys on a Fast-day, what she had done was nothing to cry about. I think, my reader, that, even if you were a Scotch minister, you would appear with considerable confidence before your Judge, if you had never done worse than failed to observe a Scotch Fast-day with the Covenanting austerity.

But when one looks back and looks round, and tries to reckon up the sorrows of childhood arising from parental folly, one feels that the task is endless. There are parents who will not suffer their children to go to the little feasts which children occasionally have, either on that wicked principle that all enjoyment is sinful, or because the children have recently committed some small offence which is to be thus punished. There are parents who take pleasure in informing strangers, in their children's presence, about their children's faults, to the extreme bitterness of the children's hearts. There are parents who will not allow their children to be taught dancing, regarding dancing as sinful. The result is, that the children are awkward and unlike other children; and when they are suffered to spend an evening among a number of companions who have all learned dancing, they suffer a keen mortification which older people ought to be able to understand. Then you will find parents, possessing ample means, who will not dress their children like others, but send them out in very shabby garments. Few things cause a more painful sense of humiliation to a child. It is a sad sight to see a little fellow hiding

round the corner when some one passes who is likely to recognize him, afraid to go through the decent streets, and creeping out of sight by back-ways. We have all seen *that*. We have all sympathized heartily with the reduced widow who has it not in her power to dress her boy better; and we have all felt lively indignation at the parents who had the power to attire their children becomingly, but whose heartless parsimony made the little things go about under a constant sense of painful degradation.

An extremely wicked way of punishing children is by shutting them up in a dark place. Darkness is naturally fearful to human beings, and the stupid ghost-stories of of many nurses make it especially fearful to a child. It is a stupid and wicked thing to send a child on an errand in a dark night. I do not remember passing through a greater trial in my youth than once walking three miles alone (it was not going on an errand) in the dark, along a road thickly shaded with trees. I was a little fellow; but I got over the distance in half an hour. Part of the way was along the wall of a churchyard, one of those ghastly, weedy, neglected, accursed-looking spots where stupidity has done what it can to add circumstances of disgust and horror to the Christian's long sleep. Nobody ever supposed that this walk was a trial to a boy of twelve years old: so little are the thoughts of children understood. And children are reticent; I am telling now about that dismal walk for the very first time. And in the illnesses of childhood, children sometimes get very close and real views of death. I remember, when I was nine years old, how every evening, when I lay down to sleep, I used for about a year to picture myself lying dead, till I felt as though the coffin were closing round me. I used to read at that period, with a curious feeling of fascination, Blair's poem, "The Grave." But I never dreamed of telling anybody about these thoughts. I believe that thoughtful children keep most of their thoughts to themselves, and in respect of the things of which they think most are as profoundly alone as the Ancient Mariner in the Pacific. I have heard of a parent, an important member of a very straight sect of the Pharisees, whose child, when dying, begged to be buried not in a certain foul old hideous churchyard, but in a certain cheerful cemetery. This

request the poor little creature made with all the energy of terror and despair. But the strait Pharisee refused the dying request, and pointed out with polemical bitterness to the child that he must be very wicked indeed to care at such a time where he was to be buried, or what might be done with his body after death. How I should enjoy the spectacle of that unnatural, heartless, stupid wretch tarred and feathered! The dying child was caring for a thing about which Shakspeare cared; and it was not in mere human weakness, but "by faith," that "Joseph, when he was a-dying, gave commandment concerning his bones."

I believe that real depression of spirits, usually the sad heritage of after-years, is often felt in very early youth. It sometimes comes of the child's belief that he must be very bad, because he is so frequently told that he is so. It sometimes comes of the child's fears, early felt, as to what is to become of him. His parents, possibly, with the good sense and kind feeling which distinguish various parents, have taken pains to drive it into the child, that, if his father should die, he will certainly starve, and may very probably have to become a wandering beggar. And these sayings have sunk deep into the little heart. I remember how a friend told me that his constant wonder, when he was twelve or thirteen years old, was *this*: If life was such a burden already, and so miserable to look back upon, how could he ever bear it when he had grown older?

But now, my reader, I am going to stop. I have a great deal more marked down to say; but the subject is growing so thoroughly distressing to me, as I go on, that I shall go on no farther. It would make me sour and wretched for the next week, if I were to state and illustrate the varied sorrows of childhood of which I intended yet to speak: and if I were to talk out my heart to you about the people who cause these, I fear my character for good-nature would be gone with you forever. "This genial writer," as the newspapers call me, would show but little geniality: I am aware, indeed, that I have already been writing in a style which, to say the least, is snappish. So I shall say nothing of the first death that comes in the family in our childish days,—its hurry, its

confusion, its awe-struck mystery, its wonderfully vivid recalling of the words and looks of the dead; nor of the terrible trial to a little child of being sent away from home to school,—the heart-sickness, and the weary counting of the weeks and days before the time of returning home again. But let me say to every reader who has it in his power directly or indirectly to do so, Oh, do what you can to make children happy! oh, seek to give that great enduring blessing of a happy youth! Whatever after-life may prove, let there be something bright to look back upon in the horizon of their early time! You may sour the human spirit forever, by cruelty and injustice in youth. There is a past suffering which exalts and purifies; but *this* leaves only an evil result: it darkens all the world, and all our views of it. Let us try to make every little child happy. The most selfish parent might try to please a little child, if it were only to see the fresh expression of unblunted feeling, and a liveliness of pleasurable emotion which in after-years we shall never know. I do not believe a great English barrister is so happy when he has the Great Seal committed to him as two little and rather ragged urchins whom I saw this very afternoon. I was walking along a country-road and overtook them. They were about five years old. I walked slower, and talked to them for a few minutes, and found that they were good boys, and went to school every day. Then I produced two coins of the copper coinage of Britain: one a large penny of ancient days, another a small penny of the present age. "There is a penny for each of you," I said, with some solemnity: "one is large, you see, and the other small; but they are each worth exactly the same. Go and get something good." I wish you had seen them go off! It is a cheap and easy thing to make a little heart happy. May this hand never write another essay, if it ever wilfully miss the chance of doing so! It is all quite right in after-years to be careworn and sad. We understand these matters ourselves. Let others bear the burden which we ourselves bear, and which is doubtless good for us. But the poor little things! I can enter into the feeling of a kind-hearted man who told me that he never could look at a number of little children but the tears came into his eyes. How much these young creatures have to

bear yet! I think you can, as you look at them, in some degree understand and sympathize with the Redeemer, who, when he "saw a great multitude, was moved with compassion toward them!" Ah, you smooth little face (you may think), I know what years will make of you, if they find you in this world! And you, light little heart, will know your weight of care!

And I remember, as I write these concluding lines, who they were that the Best and Kindest this world ever saw liked to have near him; and what the reason was he gave

why he felt most in his element when they were by his side. He wished to have little children round him, and would not have them chidden away; and this because there was something about them that reminded him of the Place from which he came. He liked the little faces and the little voices,—he to whom the wisest are in understanding as children. And oftentimes, I believe, these little ones still do his work. Oftentimes, I believe, when the worn man is led to him in childlike confidence, it is by the hand of a little child.

BROOKLINE LIBRARY.—The annual report of the town of Brookline shows the whole amount received by the town Treasurer in 1861 to have been \$71,110.53; and the whole amount expended, \$62,807.64; leaving in the treasury a balance of \$8,302.89. The report of the trustees of the Public Library presents the most gratifying evidence of the success of the Library. It has been established but four years, yet the alcoves are now filled with books to their utmost capacity; and although at the present time the trustees cannot recommend action upon a new building, yet they are confident that more accommodation will soon be required. The usefulness of the Library, and its excellent character, will be perceived in some degree from the following extract from the librarian's report:—

"The number of books have been largely increased the last year by donation and by purchase, and the use of the Library by the citizens has never before been so great. Not only has the number of volumes delivered been larger than during any preceding year, but the use of the Library, of such books as are not allowed to be taken from the rooms, has been equalled in no former year. Nor is the use of the Library limited to any class of citizens, or to any part of the town; but its privileges are sought and enjoyed by all. Between fifty and sixty individuals in Longwood are in the habit of taking books, and between eighty and ninety in the part of the town above the Unitarian meeting-house.

Number of volumes now belonging to the Library,	- - - - -	5,366
Number of volumes added during the year,	- - - - -	615
Number of pamphlets added during the year,	- - - - -	553
Number of volumes delivered during the year,	- - - - -	14,022

"In the above are not included reviews and magazines, of which we receive regularly *Blackwood's Magazine*, the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Lon-*

don Quarterly, the *National Review*, the *North British Review*, the *Westminster Review*, the *North American Review*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's Monthly*, the *Rebellion Record*, *Tales of the Day*, the *Continental Magazine*, *Cornhill Magazine*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, and *Temple Bar*."

Appended to the report is a creditable list of donors.—*Boston Advertiser*.

McCLELLAN.

O MASTER GENIUS, on whose shoulders rest
Burdens, such as the kingliest only bear,
Thou standest now, to thy large work addressed,
With soul so calm, in patience so possessed,
'Mong all our living, great beyond compare!
Only the great are patient; they can wait:
Fools ever fret, and chafe at wise delay;
And now when flippant tongues unloose their
hate,
Stand firm! to thy just purpose consecrate,
And let the envious Cascas have their day,
And die and be forgotten! They of old
So slandered him whose glories manifold
Halo the nation. Thy work is well begun
When some now speak of thee, as they of Wash-
ington.

Feb. 24, 1862.

A. D. F. R.

THE operations for the conveyance of the water from Springhead to Stoneferry, England, have now fairly got into operation, under the superintendence of Mr. Dale, the engineer. About three hundred yards of the trench have already been made, and in digging at the depth of about ten feet from the surface, a boat has been discovered lying right across the trench. The boat is of oak, and is evidently a Roman relic, and must have been buried for at least a thousand years.—*Hull Packet*.

A RAINY DAY IN CAMP.

It's a cheerless, lonesome evening,
When the soaking, sodden ground,
Will not echo to the footfall
Of the sentinel's dull round.

God's blue star-spangled banner
To-night is not unfurled;
Surely, *he* has not deserted
This weary, warring world.

I peer into the darkness,
And the crowding fancies come;
The night-wind, blowing Northward,
Carries all my heart toward home.

For I 'listed in this army,
Not exactly to my mind;
But my country called for helpers,
And I couldn't stay behind.

So, I've had a sight of drilling,
And have roughed it many ways,
And Death has nearly had me;
Yet I think the service pays.

It's a blessed sort of feeling,
Whether you live or die;
You helped your country in her need,
And fought right loyally.

But I can't help thinking sometimes,
When a wet day's leisure comes,
And I hear the old home voices
Talking louder than the drums,

And the far, familiar faces
Peep in at the tent door,
And the little children's footstep
Go pit-pat on the floor,

I can't help thinking somehow
Of all the parson reads,
About the other soldier-life
Which every true man leads.

And wife, soft-hearted creature,
Seems a saying in my ear,
"I'd rather have you in *those* ranks
Than to see you Brigadier."

I call myself a brave one,
But in my heart I lie!
For my Country and her Honor
I am fiercely free to die.

But when the Lord who bought me
Asks for my service here,
To "fight the good fight" faithfully,
I'm skulking in the rear.

And yet I know this Captain
All love and care to be;
He would never get impatient
With a raw recruit like me.

And I know he'd not forget me
When the Day of Peace appears;
I should share with him the victory
Of all his volunteers.

And it's kind of cheerful thinking,
Beside the dull tent fire;
About that big promotion
When he says, "Come up higher."

And though it's dismal, rainy
Even now, with thoughts of him,
Camp life looks extra cheery,
And death a deal less grim.

For I seem to see him waiting
Where a gathered heaven greets
A great victorious army,
Surging up the golden streets;

And I hear him read the roll-call,
And my heart is all aflame,
When the dear Recording Angel
Writes down my happy name!

But my fire is dead white ashes
And the tent is chilling cold,
And I'm playing *win the battle*,
When I've never been enrolled.

DONELSON.

THERE are glad hearts, and sad hearts,
By millions to-day;
As over the wires the magical fires
Are flashing the tidings of Donelson's fray.
Hearts swelling with rapture
For Donelson's capture;
Hearts breaking with aching
For Donelson's slain.
Oh! whether the glory
Of Cumberland's story,
Or grief for the slaughter
That purpled its water
In our bosoms should reign—
We leave in its doubt,
And join the wild shout,
The tumultuous hosanna
That greets our dear banner—
From Donelson's ramparts in triumph flung
out.

Some to-morrow, for sorrow,
Let Donelson claim!
When over its dead the dirges are said:
But to-day shall be vocal with victory's fame.
Hearts thrilling with rapture
For Donelson's capture;
Forgetting that blood, like a flood,
In its storming was shed.
Oh! matchless the glory
Of Cumberland's story,
By our cannon rehearsed;
By our bards to be versed,
When rebellion is dead.
For joy-bells and chorus,
The passion comes o'er us,
To ring and to sing.
For tidings that bring
The downfall of Treason in vision before us!
Feb. 18, 1862.

W. C. R.

—Providence Press.

From The Eclectic Review.

THE LIFE OF AN ENGLISH NUN.*

THIS is a book which one would think it must do any one good to read; indeed, it is one of the most delightfully readable books the reader can take in hand. It is written with the vigor, without the vulgarity, of De Foe. It has the reality of that most real of writers. It abounds in incidents, most indeed painfully, often harrowingly, interesting. Then, withal, it is not a large book; it is a charming book for the fireside, or for reading aloud. Our readers well know that we have no very loving leanings to either Romanistic or Puseyistic tactics; but a tender heart, lovingly prompting to action for the sad and suffering, is a sight always grateful; and in this volume the story, while told without any ostentation, reveals such a depth of principle, such an earnestness of self-sacrifice, such resolution in the midst of scenes of surpassing sorrow, that we could well wish this little book to be read by very many thousands of our countrymen and countrywomen.

Miss Goodman appears to have become a Sister of Mercy under the impression that she could in such a position better fulfil duties she had imposed upon herself, in the determination to minister upon untended suffering.

She has the courage to sketch for us a picture of convent life in Devonport; and a very forbidding life it is. These pages by no means produce in us any revulsion of feeling, in the way of affection for nuns or nunneries. Our writer has a good deal of humor, and, in a double sense, she has plenty of good humor. She also indulges occasionally in remarks not without severity as well as smartness. She was united, as we have intimated, to the Order of the Sacred Heart, a nunnery in connection with the Church of England in Devonport. In this convent was a lady who had arrived at such a state of perfection in speechlessness, that she had not spoken for several years, except to the superior or senior sisters at very rare intervals, or at responses in prayers. If she desired even to know the time, she would put the question on a slip of paper. But Miss Goodman, who seems to be really not only a very tender-hearted but a very wide-minded

* *Experiences of an English Sister of Mercy.* By Margaret Goodman. Smith and Elder. 1862.

person, sees that it is very possible to have much devotion in a very narrow mind, and still more possible to find petty selfishness, self-conceit, and self-complacency in a cloister. The following is not a very pretty picture of a nun or a nunnery:—

“In a world such as ours was, there are few opportunities of gathering information respecting transactions not intimately connected with it. Not that this is felt to be a great deprivation; a nun always considers that she is perfectly well acquainted with everything worth knowing, and is only sorry for those who know more than herself upon any subject, religious or secular. She starts with the idea that it is a virtue to narrow her mind and sympathies; and it would appear by the result that the task is not difficult of accomplishment.”

Some of the illustrations we have in the early portion of this volume exhibit a hardness of heart and contempt of the word and commandment of God, as written on the human soul, most shocking to contemplate. Here is a painful

NARRATIVE OF A NUN.

“A dying sister at Plymouth said, ‘I sit and think of home, until I fear that I am going mad; go and request Sister — to come to me, that she may ask the Lady Superior again to let me go home while I yet have strength: I cannot die without seeing my father.’ She did, poor creature, about a month after the declaration. This sister came to Devonport when about twenty, and while in health; and none could have embraced the life altogether more heartily, or submitted her reason, as she was taught more implicitly to the rule of ‘obedience:’ yet all these restraints utterly failed in sickness; though the meek, loving gentleness of her character, and the tenderness of her conscience, were never before so apparent. I heard a sister who had helped her down a long flight of stone steps, say to her on reaching the bottom, ‘You really ought to exert yourself more, dear; it is wicked of any one to give way in this manner.’ ‘Indeed, sister,’ she replied, with the utmost meekness, ‘I do try and struggle; but I will try still more: it makes me very unhappy to see you displeased with me,’ and she then went panting up a second flight, with all the energy she could summon. I said to the sister who had administered the rebuke, that I believed the invalid was in the last stage of consumption. Though for months together I had seen her daily, the dying girl might be said to be a stranger to me, and, indeed,

to most of us; she had been so careful before her illness to observe the rule of silence. The senior sister repeated her belief that she required 'rousing.'

"The invalid met me the next day in the buttery, and knowing that I was never careful about the silence, she addressed me; asking, as she knew I had had experience as a nurse, to tell her frankly if I thought she had more power than she exerted with regard to the 'rousing' herself: for she was anxious to do right. She went on to say, 'I have little pain, but all my limbs are weighed down as it were with weights of iron, and I have great difficulty in breathing after the least exertion.' She left Plymouth for another of the houses in a few days, and I then became the occupant of the cell out of which she went. On the table she had cut with a penknife her old name in full; the name by which father, mother, brothers, and sisters had known her: the one which she herself had not heard for years. She asked me in our only conversation if I would sometimes speak of her: a curious request to make to a stranger, but tending, I believed, to show that she did not then, as she had once done, wish to die, in a certain sense, wholly to the world, even when her soul left it; and the returning to the old name, and cutting it in the varnished table, exhibited the same feeling. It was a singular thing for any one to do; especially in that house, where, very properly, habits of order are assiduously cultivated: and it must have been done from a strong motive, or it would not have been done at all.

"I was not in the same house with this sister when she died, nor were any of the younger members of the community; but the details of her last hours were communicated to us by those about the house whom we afterwards saw, and these details formed the subject of many whispered stolen conversations, and of much secret scribbling throughout the household. On the day of her death, the invalid asked the cook to give her an allowance of boiled milk and bread twice in the day instead of once as appointed; and when this person mentioned difficulties, the dying sister said, 'Let me have it to-night instead of to-morrow, when I shall not need it.' She begged so earnestly, and made such a point of it, that at length the cook, a good-natured person where she had it in her power, promised to try and spare sufficient for the supper, and gave her a portion in the forenoon: bread and milk was the only part of her diet she relished. The cook going to her room in the evening with the milk, found her lying on the bed; 'Elizabeth,' she said, 'I am dying; call Sister — at once.' Elizabeth

told her that this sister was with the Lady Superior, and of course she must not go there, and endeavored to persuade her that she was fancying, and would feel better after the milk. She reiterated her impression that her last moments were approaching, until Elizabeth became much alarmed and went to the door which opened into the part of the building occupied by Miss Sellon; and while standing in the corridor thinking what she must do next, the senior sister opened a door to put out a tray. The cook called to her, but was bidden to go away, as she was engaged; not to be repulsed, she rushed forward and said, 'Sister — is dying.' They turned back together, but when they came to the bedside, the sick sister was past speaking. The senior sister went immediately to fetch help, and returned with the sister who not many weeks before had helped the invalid down the stone steps, and who, as she drew near the bed, said, 'You must rouse yourself, dear; it is only a fainting fit.' The dying girl smiled sweetly, and ere the smile had flitted from her face, her soul had entered where sorrow and sighing are done away: 'For God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'

"During her last day in this world, she sent to beg the loan of a pocket-handkerchief from a sister who was then a great invalid, and has since rejoined her. The request was not complied with, and the refusal was a subject of remorse to her who gave it during the remainder of her brief life. We were allowed three of these articles clean per week, and while staying at Plymouth, the novices strove to spare the invalid three or four from amongst their allowance, at her entreaty; for which trifling favor she showed great gratitude. The sister who refused this dying request followed the corpse to the grave, and I heard that she said on her return, 'I thought my heart would break when I looked in. Oh, that she could come back, that I might show her how sorry I am to have been so unkind.'

Miss Goodman's experiences at Plymouth are most interesting. There she was painfully employed in tending the Irish poor during the cholera. She seems to have won her way into the miserable homes and miserable hearts of the wretched and afflicted beings, beggars and Irish laborers. She tells her story apparently with very great faithfulness, and does not at all hesitate to mention the instances in which she thinks the method pursued by herself and fellow-laborers led to failure. In reading the book, however, the reader has neither time nor in-

clination to notice anything beyond the self-denying heroism which could prompt a lady to leave her luxuries and refinements of company and taste, and minister to the wants of the wretched, and even condescend to loathsome duties, if necessary. Here is one of many scenes—in a beer-house, occupied for the most part by tramps and beggars of many countries, English, Irish, Scotch, and French; but cholera was there, and Miss Goodman was there:—

“The landlord also came up, not to apologize for the mirth down-stairs; he took the matter up by quite another handle. He proceeded to explain that, knowing poor William to be an ‘airy lad,’ he thought it would help him to go out of the world ‘aisy,’ if cheered by the sound of the fiddle; at the same time, if I wished, he would put a stop to it. I answered that he was very good, but that I did not think the ‘sound of the fiddle’ made any difference either way to the dying man, who did not appear to be conscious of it; but for my own part, I trusted that he would take care there was no brawling, which would be most unseemly under the circumstances, and very distressing to me. He promised to attend to this, and, with many expressions of kindness, bade me ‘good-night.’

“After taking his little girl to bed, the beggar returned to spend the night with us. There was little we could do for the dying man; but it is sometimes a help to those who are dying hard to moisten their lips with a little wine; and there are other offices in a nurse’s power which tend to calm and tranquillize the dying in that agony of restlessness which many appear to suffer when partly unconscious. Between twelve and one the patient died, and the beggar started for a coffin immediately; as, I believe, there was a penalty if it were not secured in a certain time for the dead from cholera. The errand occupied him some hours, as he was sent hither and thither until some one could discover whose business it was to furnish it. I washed the face of the corpse, and standing by, watched with awe how it gradually lost much of the haggard, pain-worn expression, without which I had not before known it. The face of the dead will sometimes change in an astonishing manner; all the wear and tear of pain and sorrow, and even of evil passions, will sometimes clear off, and the face become most unexpectedly beautiful.”

We have not time to follow our kind minister to Asherne, in Devonshire, where, by way of recreation, and to strengthen her-

self after the painful cholera scenes, she was sent to take charge of a small school. While there, suddenly, she was called away to Constantinople, to attend upon the sick and wounded soldiers in the war in the Crimea. She joined the staff of Miss Nightingale, receiving a few directions from the head of her own order, Miss Sellon, such as the following:—

“On the journey throughout observe silence amongst yourselves; and if persons speak to you, reply shortly, but courteously. Do not converse with any one excepting Miss Nightingale, and not with her during your silence time.

“Be careful to the directions of the medical officer, but never converse with him.

“Speak soothingly to the patients, but do not talk unnecessarily. Be reserved and courteous in manner.

“Be extremely neat and clean in person, that the religious garb may be recommended by your manner of wearing it.

“In moments of excitement exercise extreme self-control. When you feel excited make an act of recollection to our Lord.

“Do not fast; and take all the care you can of your health; but do not allow a day to pass without an act of self-mortification.

“When you are attending to the wounds of the soldiers, try to think of the wounds of our Lord. Keep calm, as before the foot of his cross, and remember that you are doing all things in him. You will be greatly watched, and remember that upon me will fall the consequences of little indiscretions on your part.”

From the lamented Sydney Herbert, the Sisters received principally such directions as, “Forbear teaching; and keep yourselves to the objects for which Government sends you out—the administering to the bodily wants and soothing the minds of the sick,” and to give a promise that they would attempt no conversions. Many persons expressed surprise that such a promise should be given; “but,” says Miss Goodman, “I freely confess that I should never think of disturbing a death-bed by bringing controversy to its side.” We wish we could believe that most of those with our writer’s convictions have also her sacred tenderness of conscience. Nothing is more pleasantly impressed upon our mind, after the perusal of this book, than the reflection how great is the amount of heroism, of sacred, much-

enduring heroism, of which the world hears nothing.

"Meek souls there are, who little dream
Their daily strife an angel's theme;
Or that the rod they take so calm,
Shall prove in heaven a martyr's palm."

The sufferings of Miss Goodman and the Sisters are not dwelt upon at any length; they are dismissed with pleasant humors, but they must have been manifold, suffering indeed in a thousand physical forms—but suffering from the neighborhood of extraordinary depravity and obscenity. What are the efforts put forth even by the most enduring among us in self-sacrifice compared with such as these? But in a multitude of instances narrated with great freshness and vigor, our writer brings out the endurance and self-denial of men not usually supposed to be capable of such feelings—the power of conscience in dark minds,—the power of tenderness in hard hearts. Very sad indeed are some of the pictures—the hospital incidents during the dreadful Christmas in Scutari, where "pestilence, in the rear of war, did a far more bloodthirsty work than the sword in its front." Is not the following touchingly told?—

"In our worst of times, two men arrived, both dangerously ill, one evidently near death, and a convalescent belonging to the same regiment came to apprise me of their cases. This man told me they were both excellent fellows, none better in the whole army; desiring, no doubt, to heighten my interest in the two patients: *though their misery was, I hope, recommendation enough.* The greatest sufferer was an immense man, longer than the bed provided for him, his feet extending beyond it as he lay perfectly straight upon the unyielding hillock of straw. His red beard was remarkably long, and over his whole face were crawling countless insects, which I had the greatest difficulty to prevent getting into the nourishment I soon brought him. I turned to the stronger one first, saying 'How are you?' 'I am pretty well,' he said, quickly; 'but nothing has crossed my comrade's lips for three days.' The lady superintendent, considering the case peculiarly distressing, with the doctor's leave gave me an egg beat up in a little sherry and water. The sick man seized the cup I put to his lips, and could have drained it had it been twice the quantity; but in the midst of his draught, suddenly checking himself, he took it from his mouth, and looking into it with a sigh, said,

'There is a man named Valentine come in with me, who is a great deal worse than I am: could you find him, and give him the remainder of this?' He was unconscious that his comrade was in the next bed. Valentine seemed quite touched with the love his poor dying friend showed him, and his voice was husky as he bade him finish the wine.

"The man Valentine was in a critical state, but there appeared to be a chance of his recovery with great care. His friend survived about three days, and during this time his rest was much broken, while the last night he took no repose. In the morning, I found in one bed a lifeless body, and in the other the surviving comrade in a state of utter exhaustion. The corpse presented a shocking spectacle, as this patient's state of weakness during the short time he lived had been so extreme, that I scarcely dared attempt doing more for him than merely wiping his face and cutting off his beard and hair. The dying would often request that we would give them a shirt in which to die, and thus, it being without the mark of the Board of Ordnance, it was not taken off the body, but they were buried in it. Valentine asked of the lady superintendent this favor for his friend. He never rallied again, but sank so gradually as to linger some weeks. I knew nothing of his former life, but during this time he showed the virtues within his power; unselfishness, patience, and gratitude. An orderly came to me one day, while in another part of the building, to say that Valentine, whose last moments were drawing near, wished me to stay by him, and also that he had something to tell me: it was a message to his mother, whose address he gave me. His bed was in the middle of the corridor; and on either side there appeared a long vista of pallets, with forms wasted by starvation, pain, disease. He was above all this now, and looking intensely happy; even those standing near caught a gleam from the soldier's ecstatic joy, and seemed to feel, 'This is none other than the house of God; this is the gate of heaven.' 'Valentine,' I said, 'you are nearly home: I wish I was going with you.' He gazed into my face with a look of affection and pity, such as he would have given to his own mother had she been there, and replied, 'I wish you were.' As he ceased speaking, his soul, I trust, entered upon glory unspeakable. We returned to toil and sorrow for a brief space; but whether pleasure or pain were awaiting us is of little moment, if when the end of all approaches our 'robes are found washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb.'"

Some of the incidents in the book have an affecting completeness: in different portions of the volume we have the story of a husband and a wife:—

"I here insert the letter of a sergeant written on that evening, which letter safely reached the hands of his widow in the Scutari barracks. I closed the eyes of this poor woman, and shall have occasion to speak of her in another place. The writer began by saying, that while occupied with his task he was sitting on a hill commanding a view of a plain which at that hour on the morrow, he had reason to expect, would be strewn with a multitude of dead and dying. 'The stillness of the hour is favorable to reflection, and my whole life is passing in review before me. I have a presentiment that I shall never return from to-morrow's battle: not that these gloomy anticipations cause me to shrink from my duty. I am in love with all men, and by the power of God's blessed Spirit I pray that while fighting bravely I may keep my mind from all malicious thoughts, and my hands from all acts of cruelty. May my all-holy Creator, through the blood of his Christ, wash away the sins of my life, and receive my poor soul, though fresh from the field of carnage. My dear, dear wife, I feel you near me at this moment—I see you, not as when I last saw you in our sorrows, but as you were in your father's house. Would that I had never brought you from that roof! it was cruelty. I understood, though you could not, the life which lay before us; my passion for you is no excuse for me. My poor dear wife, and child who is never to see its father, let me conjure you to let nothing tempt you from returning immediately to your relatives, if such a step be possible. My last thoughts are of you and my child. Good-by.'"

Here is the close of the history in the death of the wife:—

"During my stay at the Barrack Hospital, I was sometimes despatched with assistance to the sick in the women's quarters. I felt greatly touched with the misery I saw there, but especially with the case of the widow of the sergeant who fell in the battle of the Alma, and whose last words to his wife appear in the former part of this narrative. The portion allotted to her of the spacious room, crowded with some hundreds of both sexes, scarcely sufficed to hold a few raised planks, which formed the bedstead. A ragged dress and shawl suspended on a string formed a screen, which gave her all the privacy she could command. Her face, whose regular features proved that it might once

have been handsome, looked haggard and aged; ravages not the work of time, but of sorrow, want, and disease, her age being about twenty-six. Amidst all her squalid wretchedness, when addressed by a lady, she at once showed, both in aspect and language, traces of the station in which she had once moved, and from which she had descended to follow the fortunes of her husband the sergeant; a man of some education, and possessing, I was told, in his regiment, a high character for intelligence, steadiness, and bravery. How great must have been the mental agony of the noble-hearted soldier, when sitting on the lonely hill-side writing the letter I have quoted, and feeling powerless to shield her whom he had tempted to unavoidable contact with the most debasing scenes? He also must have seen many times how daily familiarity with vices which we dare not even discountenance, gradually wears off the edge of abhorrence; overclouding even the most refined minds, and the highest principles.

"Two of us went to the bedside of the suffering woman to execute a direction from the medical officer, but found that a soldier's wife had undertaken the task. This person, though attending the invalid with kindness, was eager to resign her post of watcher, that she might join in the revels going on in the room; which, as the night moved on, became the scene of a perfect Saturnalia. Dragging more closely around us the few rags which formed our screen, we knelt beside the dying woman, who for one moment followed our prayers, and the next the obscene songs ringing in her ears: not that she did so voluntarily, but she had not power to call home her mind in the midst of these distractions. I left her bedside and appealed to the female revellers several times, beseeching them to cease singing at least; but I spoke as to the deaf: none answered or attended. Hours rolled on, and I again went to the revellers, but, instructed by past failures, I addressed a group of men gathered round a girl who, with a cup in her hand, was singing a drinking song. I touched the arm of a man to gain his attention, and said, 'The woman is dying very hard, and she cannot disentangle her thoughts from what she hears around her.' He bowed respectfully, and answered, 'We will stop it directly.' The men throughout the room became quiet; though not without many threats, and some blows were they able to restrain the women. It ever appeared to us, while working in the sunless paths of human existence, that when a woman once commences a downward course, her descent is more rapid, and she arrives at a depth of wickedness positively not at-

tainable by men; it does not seem in the power of men so utterly to divest themselves of all good influences. Our patient died in the gray of the morning: and thus were passed the last hours of one delicately nurtured, and probably accustomed, up to a few months of her death, to refined society. On the small piece of wood, which stood at her head in Scutari graveyard, were written the words, 'A woman.'

Very solemn are the thoughts connected with the departure of souls. How impossible usually to fix the attention upon any truly sacred thoughts connected with the world of spirits! One soldier was informed by the doctor that his end drew near, and he summoned the sister to his bedside,—“He says, sister, I may have anything I like.” She waited for the important charge. “Of all things, I should enjoy to be propped up, with Fred to come and yarn a bit; and could you get me a draught of beer and a pipe?” Another as he was departing begged for a clean shirt, and when the sister sprinkled a little *eau de Cologne* on his pillow, he expressed his gratitude,—“If ever I should recover, I should like to take you for a walk in Phoenix Park.” And then he added, “I always managed to have a little scent on Sundays.”

“He appeared still to consider that a walk with him in Phoenix Park must be a great treat for any lady. He was an Irishman and a Romanist, and when I next entered the ward the crucifix was hanging before his eyes; but, for all this, he might have been thinking still of Phoenix Park: it is so difficult, when the body is weak, to control and direct the mind at will.”

“Indeed,” says our serious authoress, “in my many sick-bed experiences, I have always found the thoughts of the patient, unless violently arrested, wandered constantly to the most puerile and far-distant matters. Alas! for the prospects of those who would defer a work needing our highest faculties—the work of repentance—until laid upon the bed of sickness.”

Our readers will see that the volume is sad enough, but it is yet pervaded by a spirit of cheerful piety. We could still quote at great length from its pages, and two illustrative tragedies must close our review:—

“A non-commissioned officer whose time of service, twenty-one years, had nearly ex-

pired, being unequal to his duty in barracks, came into hospital to wait until a vessel should sail for England. As we have seen occur in many instances, a violent illness attacked him shortly after his admission, and when the *Homeward Bound* steamed out of the Golden Horn, he himself and those around him were alike sensible that but one more voyage lay before the soldier—that by which he should cross the River of Death. After the departure of the ship, he prepared to send through us, directions and loving remembrances to those he felt to be nearest to him. Now in middle life, he had been engaged from his youth to a respectable person who was maintaining herself by keeping a little shop of some kind, and who deemed his return so near and so certain that the savings of years had been expended in furnishing anew the small place which was to serve for their future home. Taking from under his bolster the letter in which she enumerated her purchases, and described minutely the humble home in which they were to ‘settle down’ after his long wanderings, and many perils and privations, he expressed a wish to hear it read. Poor fellow! he had it by heart, already; for when I, from unacquaintance with the handwriting, faltered, he immediately supplied the word or passage. When I had concluded, he called my attention to a ring he wore, and went on to say, ‘This is a present she made me twenty years ago, and I promised never to part with it while I lived; when I am dead will you take it off and send it to her, and at the same time tell her that in whatever part of the world I might be quartered I never forgot her, but loved her to the end, as when we were boy and girl together.’ He lived about a week after the conversation I have narrated, but never again made any allusion to the subject. To my great disappointment, the ring was stolen during the unconsciousness immediately preceding death. The tale was told to the ward doctor, who joined most vigorously in the search to recover the token of the dying; but we could obtain no clue to it.”

Of all characters who came to that sad hospital to die, came a poor old respectable English laborer. Here is his story:—

“Not very long before I left Scutari, I was attending to my work in the ward, when I became aware that there was some object in the corridor attracting general attention; and at the same time it appeared, on looking at their countenances, that the gazers were not only surprised, but this feeling was mingled with pleasure and respect. Not being able, at the moment, to ascertain what was com-

ing, my first thoughts were of flight; for I concluded that some military chief was paying a visit, as the Duke of Cambridge and Lord Cardigan had done during my sojourn at the hospitals. But there was no need for me to flee; for I found in the corridor an old, white-headed, clean-looking English laborer, who greeted us all with a trusting, pleasant, simple look. What added to the fascination of the old man was the fact of his wearing a tall black beaver hat; and how this article had escaped the voyages and the campaign was a mystery to us all, which was never unravelled. The venerable owner belonged to the Army Works' Corps, and ever, in the ward, was known as 'grandfather with the hat.' When the hospital sergeant, as was usual, came to take possession of the patient's effects, the old man desired him to be sure and take care of the hat, because it was his Sunday one; the sergeant looked aghast at such a charge, declaring that he had nowhere to stow it unless he first cut it in pieces. At this juncture, 'Black Tom,' the orderly, came to the rescue, saying, 'The old cove is but a civilian, after all, so he need not be tied up so close as we are; I should think the hat can stand on the window-sill over the head of his bed.' The sergeant offered no opposition, and the arrangement was an immense relief to us all. At the suggestion of the patient, a red cotton handkerchief was spread over it, and then, as he remarked, it was as safe as though it were standing in its ordinary place upon the chest of drawers. He often spoke of 'his old woman,' as he always termed his wife, and of the trials and comforts they had shared together during an union of more than forty years. I asked him what could have induced a man of his years, more than sixty, to venture out to the Crimea. 'Why, you see,' he answered, 'I thought I would try and make something comfortable for my poor old woman; I was always dreading a time when I might be taken away or unable to work for her, and so she be obliged to spend her last days in the workhouse;' he had, he went on to say, paid some years to a benefit society, but the club broke; and, when engaged on a railway, had saved a comfortable sum; but a son met with an accident, which, after a long illness, ended in his death, and thus a great expense fell upon him during the illness, and, finally, in the bringing up of grandchildren.

"The patient walked into hospital, but in a few days was confined to his bed, where he lingered some weeks, the progress of the disease being most gradual. His military associates were uniformly attentive and kind, for, as some of them said, he reminded them of the old governor at home; the medical

gentlemen also had a little extra tenderness for him, and even the stern old chief winked at the hat of iniquity, of which we deemed him ignorant, until he was overheard remarking to the ward doctor, that he feared the old man with the hat was gradually sinking. Each week a cheerful letter was written, at his dictation, to his wife; for he positively forbade his amanuensis telling her how ill he was, because, as he explained, he had two sons in the Crimea, and the blow would be less severe, if when they saw her they broke the sad news. When I perceived him drawing near his end, I suggested that perhaps his letters had better be written in rather a different strain; he replied, 'If she knew I was lying here in this state, she would have no rest, but always be trying to come out and nurse me;' and then he added, 'She is very fond of me; we were never separated before since our marriage, forty years ago.' I remember my last visit to his bedside. Although there were no hopes of prolonging his life by means of medicines, the doctor sent up a draught which he trusted might stop a hiccough, from which the old man was suffering when he left him. The phial was labelled 'immediate,' but perceiving the dying man apparently lost in meditation, I felt unwilling to disturb him; after some minutes, during which I looked into his placid countenance and regarded him as one whose mind had soared beyond things earthly, he awoke from his reverie, and said, 'This is Saturday night, sister?' I assented. 'Just about this time my old woman and I would be starting off to market; I had used to leave work about four o'clock, and she would have my clean things for the next week ready for me, so after tea I had used to jog off as clean as a new pin, arm in arm with the old woman; that was always a very comfortable time.'

At last came peace, but not instant departure for home. Still the Sisters had their duties with the remnants of the shattered army. Miss Goodman was tending a sick officer: the following little picture nears the close:—

"I spent a Sunday in this little hut, and it was one of the most peaceful and calm I ever remember to have enjoyed; so unlike those to which at that time I was accustomed, that it seemed peculiarly refreshing, and almost homelike. After his breakfast, the sick officer reminded me that it was Sunday, and requested an addition to be made to his usual daily prayers; especially he wished me, as he felt much better, to read one of the Psalms of thanksgiving. I chose the ciii., and when that was concluded, he de-

sired me to go on with the civ.; and then he talked of the beautiful scene spread out before the spectator when standing on the terrace before his hut; we were as happy as possible perched on that lonely hill."

Then comes the end in this last sad paragraph to the sister's story:—

"We landed at Southampton, and, taking the train, reached Plymouth at midnight; weary in body, but with fresh, joyous hearts, and expecting to meet old faces, and to resume old habits. Like many wanderers before and since, we were doomed to be disappointed; as, during the twenty months we had been absent, strict conventual rules had been developed. So, with heavy hearts, we, who had shared so many privations—and nothing endears persons more to each other,—bade each other good-by in the corridor of the abbey; to meet henceforth as strangers, and to pass each other without even exchanging glances; for that would have been considered a breach of convent rule."

We say a weariful end to so good a work. The cold room and friendless solitude—no affectionate reception—no thanks—stepping

into complete darkness and obscurity! Even the meanest soldier in the army received his country's thanks. Perhaps it is indispensable to such labors as such women can perform, that they deny themselves wholly and entirely, not only the more pleasant refreshments of life, its comforts, and its sweets, but also the refreshments of human society. One thing is very clear in the perusal of this volume—so excellent and wise a woman as Miss Goodman has not the greatest faith in the rightness of the conventual method; her soul is too large to be satisfied with the little sampler work of the mere nunnery; and her creed is too broad to be satisfied with the cold ritual of observance prescribed by her order. But her book is beyond all argument. Who and what are we in the presence of such self-denying piety and devotedness? We can debate with bigots, and even have no objection to try to twist a scorpion thong for them. But before the "love that never faileth," what can we do but for the time, at any rate, bid our "tongues to cease," and our "knowledge to vanish away."

ANNA SEWARD AND GEORGE HARDINGE.

—Celebrities in their day: the lady, with little vitality of her own, but consigned to "a lasting tomb" in Dr. Johnson's *Biography*; the gentleman with even less,—eighty years ago a Welsh judge, a humorist, and a small essayist, but still disinterrable from the dust of four octavo volumes. My father, who died in 1815, a septuagenarian, told me a pleasant anecdote wherein they figured, as related to him by the lady herself; and having now overlived his date by fourteen years, I begin to think it should no longer be trusted to so frail a tradition. Let me premise that he knew both its actors, as he did most of the *literati* and *æ* of his time; that he was an accomplished scholar, and no mean poet. But to his story:—

One afternoon Miss Seward received a card, to the effect that Mr. Hardinge, in passing through Lichfield, desired to pay his respects to a lady so distinguished, etc., etc., which was as complimentarily acknowledged by an invitation to "a dish of tea." Mr. Hardinge presented himself accordingly; and, the souchong being removed, abruptly, and *à propos de rien*, asked her had she ever heard Milton read? The *Paradise Lost* was produced, and opened at a venture; the judge jumped upon the table, and read some pages, not to her astonishment only, but to her profound admiration. "Never," said Miss Seward to my father, "never before did I hear Milton read, and never since." As

abruptly, her visitant closed the volume, descended from the table, made his bow, and withdrew a word disappeared.

But the story did not end here. The next morning a *paquet* was transmitted to Miss Seward, enclosing an elaborate critique on the English Homer, and with it a most delicate (life-size) pattern of a lady's shoe, with a note attached—that Mr. Hardinge had imagined this to be the faithful model of Miss Seward's foot, and begged her to satisfy him of the correctness of his fancy. "Of mine!" exclaimed the poetess, disclosing to my father an inch or so of ankle not exactly Cinderillan in its proportions.

My tradition, if admitted into "N. & Q." is likely to induce three questions: Did my father relate it to me? Did Miss Seward relate it to him? Did it occur as she related it? To the first of these I reply *yes*, on my own personal credit; to the second, *yes*, on my trust in my father's veraciousness; to the third, that I leave it with the readers of *Jemmy Boswell*.

—Notes and Queries.

OLD MEN.

THE manuscript of the Farewell Address of General Washington is owned by James Lennox, Esq., of New York, by whom it was purchased for \$2,500, of the family of Mr. Claypoole, of Philadelphia, in whose paper it originally appeared, September 19, 1796.

From The Englishwoman's Journal.
GOVERNOR WINTHROP'S WIFE.

In the histories, the romances, and the legends of Massachusetts, there appears one name peculiarly representative of the old colonial times—that of Governor Winthrop. If we mistake not, he is alluded to in Nathaniel Hawthorne's "House of the Seven Gables;" and Winthrop is the typical name of one of the immaculate heroes of the authoress of the "Wide, Wide World." As an historical character, he occupies the proud position of having been one of the Pilgrim Fathers of New England and the head of the little commonwealth of Massachusetts Bay. "It was a merciful Providence," says his wife's biographer, * "that such a man as John Winthrop embarked in the perilous undertaking of planting an English Christian colony in the American wilderness. To eminent piety he added political sagacity, wisdom and moderation in counsel, persuasive eloquence, disinterested devotion to the interests of the infant state, with great firmness of character, all which highly fitted him to preside over the new plantation, where peculiar difficulties and trials had to be encountered, and society almost to be formed anew. His gifts as a statesman were indeed such as would have rendered him a meet associate of such men as Prynne, Hampden, Cromwell, and others who figured so illustriously in England in the times of the civil wars."

The short sketch of his wife given in Mr. Anderson's book possesses a quaint and tender interest from the love-letters which passed between the pair during the time they were separated by the broad Atlantic—a gulf so terrible in those days of small sailing ships, that we wonder in our modern days how such separations were endured. Margaret Tindal was born about the year 1590, and married to Winthrop when she was twenty-eight years old, he being a Suffolk gentleman, come of an ancient family of good estate, and bred a lawyer. Winthrop had been twice married, the first time when he was only seventeen years and three months old; but his early domestic history must have been singularly unfortunate, since at the time of his wedding Margaret Tindal he was but thirty years of age. He had several children, to whom Mrs. Win-

* "Memorable Women of the Puritan Times."
By the Rev. James Anderson. Blackie.

throp proved a tender and conscientious step-mother; sons of her own were also born to her—Adam, Stephen, and Deane. As her letters to Winthrop furnish most of the details known of her life, there is little to say of her early married years, except in intervals when his legal business called him to London. Her first extant letter was probably written in 1624 or 1625, and the second in 1628. They are sent from Suffolk to him in London, and are full of beautiful tenderness and piety:—

"MOST DEAR AND LOVING HUSBAND.—I cannot express my love to you, as I desire, in these poor, lifeless lines; but I do heartily wish you did see my heart, how true and faithful it is to you, and how much I do desire to be always with you, to enjoy the sweet comfort of your presence, and those helps from you in spiritual and temporal duties, which I am so unfit to perform without you. It makes me to see the want of you, and wish myself with you. But I desire we may be guided in all our ways by God, who is able to direct us for the best; and so I will wait with patience upon him, who is all-sufficient for me. I shall not need to write much to you at this time. My brother Gostling can tell you anything by word of mouth. I praise God, we are all here in health, as you left us, and are glad to hear the same of you and all the rest of our friends at London. My mother and myself remember our best love to you and all the rest. Our children remember their duty to you. And thus, desiring to be remembered in your prayers, I bid my husband good-night. Little Samuel thinks it is time for me to go to bed; and so I beseech the Lord to keep you in safety, and us all here. Farewell, my sweet husband. Your obedient wife,

"MARGARET WINTHROP."

"MY MOST SWEET HUSBAND,—How dearly welcome thy kind letter was to me, I am not able to express. The sweetness of it did much refresh me. What can be more pleasing to a wife than to hear of the welfare of her best beloved, and how he is pleased with her poor endeavors! I blush to hear myself commended, knowing my own wants. But it is your love that conceives the best, and makes all things seem better than they are. I wish that I may always be pleasing to thee, and that those comforts we have in each other may be daily increased, as far as they be pleasing to God. I will use that speech to thee that Abigail did to David, I will be a servant to wash the feet of my lord. I will do any service wherein I may please my good husband. I confess I cannot do enough for

thee, but thou art pleased to accept the will for the deed, and rest contented.

"I have many reasons to make me love thee, whereof I will name two: first, because thou lovest God; and, secondly, because that thou lovest me. If these two were wanting, all the rest would be eclipsed. But I must leave this discourse, and go about my household affairs. I am a bad housewife to be so long from them; but I must needs borrow a little time to talk with thee, my sweetheart. The term is more than half done. I hope thy business draws to an end. It will be but two or three weeks before I see thee, though they be long ones. God will bring us together in his good time; for which time I shall pray. I thank the Lord, we are all in health. We are very glad to hear so good news of our son Henry. The Lord make us thankful for all his mercies to us and ours! And thus, with my mother's and my own best love to yourself and all the rest, I shall leave scribbling. The weather being cold, makes me make haste. Farewell, my good husband. The Lord keep thee! Your obedient wife,

"MARGARET WINTHROP."

From the favorable reports brought to England of the new plantation of Massachusetts Bay, where those who held Puritan tenets might enjoy a liberty of conscience denied to them in England, Winthrop joined "The London Company" of Massachusetts Bay," and embarked a considerable amount of money in the concern. When in 1629-30 a considerable emigration took place, more important than the previous ones, he entered with zeal into the undertaking; and, "being well known in his own county of Suffolk, and well approved for his piety, liberality, wisdom, and gravity, he was extremely useful in promoting it, and eventually headed it." These emigrants were persons of education, of large landed estates, and of good family connections. Some of them were allied by marriage to the aristocracy; some of them were among the principal gentry of the county of Suffolk, to which, indeed, they all belonged; while the divines were all men of acknowledged abilities and learned in the mother country—university graduates—Cambridge having been their Alma Mater. At this time Winthrop's income was about £700 a year, equal, says the biographer, to at least £7,000 in our day; he was happy in his domestic relations, and from his talents and condition in life might reasonably aspire to the most honorable and profitable

offices in the state. Yet he decided to quit all these actual possible goods, and to emigrate under conditions which we can hardly realize. For Natal or Vancouver's Island are neither so distant or so unknown as was Massachusetts then.

Until the time of his embarkation for America, Winthrop continued to make frequent journeys to London on business connected with the projected new plantation. He was elected governor before the company started; and having obtained a royal charter which sanctioned the existence of the colony, secured its rights, and authorized the Government to be administered within the territory, he contemplated embarking in the spring of 1630. To prepare Mrs. Winthrop's mind for leaving England and for going out to plant the New World with civilized and Christian men, was now the strenuous aim of her husband. To a woman dwelling in the pastoral flats of Suffolk it must have seemed a desperate undertaking. He gave her all the information he could on the subject. In a letter to his son John, at Groton, dated October 9th, 1629, he says: "I have sent down all the late news from New England; I would have some of you read it to your mother." He assured her that to better the temporal interests of her and her children was one of the motives which prompted him to engage in this American enterprise. "For my care of thee and thine I will say nothing. The Lord knows my heart that it was one great motive to draw me into this course. The Lord prosper me in it, as I desire the prosperity of thee and thine. For this end I purpose to leave £1,500 with thy friends, if I can sell my lands which I am now about, but as yet have done nothing."

Mrs. Winthrop was not to sail with him. The reason appears to be, that at the time fixed upon for the sailing of the emigrants she would be near her confinement; and her husband was to take all his children with him, except his eldest son, John. In the prospect of this separation she therefore sorely needed tender and comforting words, which were not wanting. Says he, in a letter dated January 31, 1630: "I must now begin to prepare thee for our long parting, which grows very near. I know not how to deal with thee by arguments, for if thou wert as wise and patient as ever woman was, yet

it must needs be a great trial to thee, and the greater because I am so dear to thee. That which I must chiefly look at in thee for a ground of contentment is thy godliness. If now the Lord be thy God, thou must show it by trusting in him, and resigning thyself quietly to his good pleasure. If now Christ be thy husband, thou must show what sure and sweet intercourse is between him and thy soul, when it shall be no hard thing for thee to part with an earthly, mortal, infirm husband for his sake. . . . The best course is to turn all our reasons and discourse into prayers, for he can only help who is Lord of sea and land, and hath sole power of life and death."

Other letters he wrote her in the same strain, one of which ends, "Farewell, the Lord bless thee and all thy company! Commend me to all, and to all our good friends and neighbors, and remember Monday, between five and six." The reference in the close is to a solemn compact made between the writer and his wife, that so long as separated from each other, whether in consequence of his journeys to London, or of his removal to America, they should set aside the particular hour specified on the Monday and Friday of every week for the purpose of engaging in prayer for one another.

About this time Winthrop and his intended fellow-emigrants were entertained by their friends at a farewell dinner, at which he was so affected at the prospect of parting from them, and from his native country, that the strong man burst into a flood of tears, and set them all a-weeping. He finally went to Southampton, at that time a port of great commerce, to embark on board the *Arbella* for America. From Southampton, he wrote to his wife a letter, dated March 14, 1630, saying, "Mine only best beloved, I now salute thee from Southampton, where, by the Lord's mercy, we are all safe; but the winds have been such as our ships are not yet come. . . . And now, my dear wife, what shall I say to thee. I am full of matter and affection towards thee, but want time to express it." Again, on the 28th, he writes, "Commend me to all our good friends, as I wrote in my former letter, and be comfortable and trust in the Lord; my dear wife, pray, pray. He is our God and Father; we are in covenant with him, and he will not cast us off." In another letter from ship-

board, he says, "Our boys are well and cheerful, and have no mind of home. They lie both with me, and sleep as soundly in a rug (for we use no sheets here) as ever they did at Groton, and so I do myself (I praise God). The wind hath been against us this week and more, but this day it has come fair to the north, so we are preparing, by God's assistance, to set sail in the morning." The fleet, carrying this little colony, numbered eleven ships, of whom, however, seven were delayed for a fortnight. We are, in all our eleven ships, about 700 persons, passengers, and 240 cows, and about sixty horses. The ship which went from Plymouth carried about 140 persons, and the ship which goes from Bristol carrieth about eighty persons. And now, my sweet soul, I must once again take my last farewell of thee in Old England. It goeth very near to my heart to leave thee; but I know to whom I have committed thee, even to Him who loves thee much better than any husband can. . . . Oh, how it refresheth my heart to think that I shall yet again see thy sweet face in the land of the living—that lovely countenance that I have so much delighted in, and beheld with so great content. I have hitherto been so taken up with business, as I could seldom look back to my former happiness; but now, when I shall be at some leisure, I shall not avoid the remembrance of thee, nor the grief for thy absence. Thou hast thy share with me, but I hope the course we have agreed upon will be some ease to us both. Mondays and Fridays, at five of the clock at night, we shall meet in spirit till we meet in person. Yet, if all these hopes should fail, blessed be our God, that we are assured we shall meet one day, if not as husband and wife, yet in a better condition. Let that stay and comfort thy heart. Neither can the sea drown thy husband, nor enemies destroy, nor any adversity deprive thee of thy husband and children. Therefore, I will only take thee now and my sweet children in mine arms, and kiss and embrace you all, and do leave you with my God. Farewell, farewell, I bless you in the name of the Lord Jesus."

His last letter is dated from the *Arbella*, while she lay at anchor off Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight, and is dated April 3d:—

"MY LOVE, MY JOY, MY FAITHFUL ONE,
. . . This is the third letter I have written

to thee since I came to Hampton, in requital of those two I received from thee, which I do often read with much delight, apprehending so much love and sweet affection in them, as I am never satisfied with reading, nor can read them without tears; but whether they proceed from joy, sorrow, or desire, or from that consent of affection, which I always hold with thee, I cannot conceive. Ah, my dear heart, I ever held thee in high esteem, as thy love and goodness hath well deserved; but, if it be possible, I shall yet prize thy virtue at a greater rate, and long more to enjoy thy sweet society than ever before. I am sure thou art not short of me in this desire. Let us pray hard, and pray in faith, and our God in his good time will accomplish our desire. Oh, how loath am I to bid thee farewell! but, since it must be, farewell, my sweet love, farewell. Farewell, my dear children and family. The Lord bless you all, and grant me to see your faces once again. Come, my dear, take him and let him rest in thine arm, who will ever remain thy faithful husband,

"JOHN WINTHROP."

We must now follow Governor Winthrop to the New World, on the shores of which he landed on the 12th of June, at Salem, where shortly before Endicott had laid the foundations of the first town in Massachusetts. They came upon evil times; in the previous winter disease and death had been raging among the colonists, and eighty out of about three hundred had died, while many of those still living were weak and sickly. Not altogether liking Salem, the new-comers dispersed and planted themselves at Charlestown, and at suitable sites adjoining; and from Charlestown Winthrop dated his first letter to his wife, on July 16th, sent home probably by the first ship which returned to England. He leaves it to the bearer to give her detailed information of the unfortunate state of the colony, and promises that she shall receive the full particulars in a letter which he is to send to his "brother Downing by some of the last ships." He expects to see her the following spring on the American shores. This letter tells her the sad news of the death of his son Henry (by his first wife) in the twenty-third year of his age, whom he had accidentally left behind him at the Isle of Wight, but who came to America in another vessel, and was unfortunately drowned in a small creek at Salem, on the 2d of July, the very day on which he landed.

The prevalence of sickness and mortality, which carried off some of the most distinguished of the colonists, and interrupted the survivors in their building operations, was still the burden of the information which Mrs. Winthrop continued to receive from New England. Winthrop and his children, however, escaped; and as there was reason to believe that this sickness had been caused by insufficient and unwholesome diet at sea, he would have her, instead of being discouraged thereby, to take this as a lesson, that on coming out she should be careful to see that a sufficient supply of wholesome food was provided.

Mrs. Winthrop's whole soul was naturally set upon going out to join her husband. She writes thus in May or June, 1631, to her step-son, John, who had been left in England:—

"MY DEAR SON,—Blessed be our good God, who hath not failed us, but hath given us cause of most unspeakable joy, for the good news which we have heard out of New England. Mr. Wilson had been with me before thy letters came to my hands, but brought me no letter. He speaks very well of things there, so as my heart and thoughts are there already. I want but means to carry my body after them. I am now fully persuaded, that it is the place wherein God will have us to settle; and I beseech him to fit us for it, that we may be instruments of his glory there. This news came very seasonably to me, being possessed with much grief for thee, hearing how things went concerning thy wife's jointure. But now I have cast off that, and hope God will turn all to the best. If thou canst but send me over when Mr. Wilson goeth back, I shall be very, very glad of his company. If thy manifold employments will not suffer thee to go with me, I shall be very sorry for it; for I would be glad to carry all my company with me. But I will not say any more of this till I hear from thee, how things may be done. I pray consider of it, and give me the best counsel you can. Mr. Wilson is now in London, and promised me to come and see you. He cannot yet persuade his wife to go, for all this pains he hath taken to come and fetch her. I marvel what mettle she is made of. Sure she will yield at last, or else we shall want him exceedingly in New England. I desire to hear what news my brother Downing hath; for my husband writ but little to me, thinking we had been on our voyage. And thus, with my love to thyself, my daughter, and all the rest of my good friends, I desire the Lord

to bless and keep you, and rest, your loving mother,

MARGARET WINTHROP.

"I received the things you sent down by the carrier this week, and thank my daughter for my band."

Mrs. Winthrop sailed from England in August, 1631, in the ship *Lion*. She had for her fellow-passengers her step-son, John, and his wife Mary, and her own four children—Stephen, Dean, Samuel, and Anne. John Eliot, the celebrated apostle of the Massachusetts Indians, was also on board, and other families, consisting in all of about sixty persons. They had plenty of good food, and lost none of their number except two children, one of which was little Anne Winthrop, aged a year and a half, who died after they had been a week at sea. The voyage lasted ten weeks. They reached Natascot on the 2d of November; and on the 3d the wind being contrary, the vessel stopped at Long Island. Modern readers will remember that here it was that poor Margaret Fuller was drowned, two hundred and twenty years later. Between Governor Winthrop's wife and the intellectual heroine of Massachusetts, what a strange gulf! Such touches of vivid contrast mark the change of nations more sharply than an historical essay.

At Long Island John Winthrop went on shore, and in the evening the Governor came on board, and husband and wife were reunited. The next morning, the wind becoming favorable, the ship again set sail, and cast anchor before Boston.

When Mrs. Winthrop landed, the infant colony did its best to show her honor. The ship fired seven cannon shot; the "captains with their companies, in arms, formed a guard to attend them, and honored them with volleys of shot and the firing of three artillery pieces." The people from the adjoining plantation sent abundant stores of provisions, as fat hogs, kids, venison, poultry, geese, and partridges, so that the simple resources of gunpowder and cookery were brought into play with much effect. "The like joy," says her husband, "and manifestations of love had never been seen before in New England. It was a great marvel that so much people and such store of provisions could be gathered together at so few hours' warning." On the 11th of November, a day of thanksgiving was observed at Boston for

Mrs. Winthrop's safe arrival, and on the 17th, Bradford, the Governor of Plymouth, came to Boston to offer congratulations at the wooden house two stories high, which had been erected for the first lady in the colony.

Her high position was worthily occupied. "She was perhaps wellnigh as useful in a private way as he was in his more public and extended sphere. She sustained and cheered him amidst the difficulties and hardship, and toils and dangers and sacrifice, that had to be encountered amidst the forests of the New World." When jealousy and suspicion occasionally dogged him, as it does all public men, "he had the comfort to know that in his own home there was one always the same, always true to him, whoever else might be faithless or change; and sustained by her presence and sympathy, he maintained his tranquillity, undisturbed by the fickleness of others, and continued unceasingly in his exertions to advance the welfare of the plantation, even when these exertions were undervalued or ill requited."

Though brought up in the enjoyment of all the luxuries and elegances of life that wealth could provide, Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop now denied themselves many of these, which even in the colony they might have had, that they might set before others an example of Christian frugality and moderation, and might exercise a more abundant liberality towards those who were in need. They supplied almost daily some of their neighbors with food from their table. Their house was a temple of piety, and no family was more regular than theirs in attendance upon the duties of public worship.

In the theological controversies which shook the colony in its early days she took no part; but her husband was involved in the proceedings which were entered into against Mrs. Hutchinson and her party, who happened at one time to enjoy popular favor. The story of these commotions is well told in the same book from which this little memoir has been abridged, and to it we refer the reader.

The following note, dated "*Sad Boston, 1637*," during a temporary absence of Winthrop, shows the wife's mingled feelings:—

"DEAR IN MY THOUGHTS,—I blush to think how much I have neglected the opportunity of presenting my love to you. Sad thoughts

possess my spirits, and I cannot repulse them; which makes me unfit for anything, wondering what the Lord means by all these troubles among us. Sure I am that all shall work to the best to them that love God, or rather are loved of him. I know he will bring light out of obscurity, and make his righteousness shine forth as clear as the noonday. Yet I find in myself an adverse spirit, and a trembling heart, not so willing to submit to the will of God as I desire. There is a time to plant, and a time to pull up that which is planted, which I could desire might not be yet. But the Lord knoweth what is best, and his will be done. But I will write no more. Hoping to see thee to-morrow, my best affections being commended to yourself, the rest of our friends at Newton, I commit thee to God. Your loving wife,

"MARGARET WINTHROP."

Mrs. Winthrop lived sixteen years after her emigration. She died in 1646 of an epidemic sickness prevalent among Indians, English, French, and Dutch alike, in the summer of that year. It first seized its victims by a cold, and was accompanied by a slight fever. Such as were bled and used cooling drinks died; those who had recourse to invigorating and cherishing remedies for the most part recovered, and that in a few days. No family quite escaped it, though few died; but among these, "in this sickness, the Governor's wife, daughter of Sir John Tindal, Knight, left this world for a better, being about fifty-six years of age, a woman of singular virtue, prudence, modesty, and piety, and especially beloved and honored of all the country." She fell sick on the 13th of June in the afternoon, and died

the next morning. On the morrow she was carried to the grave amidst the deep sorrow of her husband and family, and the regrets of the colony. Her place of sepulture was on the north side of that field which Winthrop's company had selected as a burying-place soon after their arrival. It still exists, and is known as the "Stone Chapel Graveyard," where many of the early Puritans were laid to rest.

This quaint little history of a Puritan matron has reminded the writer of one of the most touching incidents of family piety ever beheld, not far from the very part of England whence the Winthrops emigrated two hundred years ago. In an old church at Colchester are some antique monuments and brasses of a family of the name of Sears, or Sayers. Ruffs, doublets, and trunk hose, mark the date of some of these, and black letter inscriptions carry back the reader farther still into the middle ages of England. But a couple of centuries back the Sears disappear—the old church knew them no more. Only on a modern brass plate let into the wall are the names, the ages, and the places of burial, of a line of Sayers who died in New England; some lie at Mount Auburn, some here, some there, in localities well known to us through American history and romance—and underneath are words whose exact arrangement we cannot recall, but which tell how a living son of New England had piously sought out the half-obliterated tombs of his forefathers, and since the "graves of the household" were scattered far away upon the shores of another continent, he had at least brought the record of their memories home.

THE SOUL MADE VISIBLE.—Every one knows that in every human face there is an impalpable, immaterial something, which we call "expression," which seems to be, as it were, "the soul made visible." Where minds live in the region of pure thoughts and happy emotions, the felicities and sanctities of the inner temple shine out through the mortal tenement, and play over it like lambent flame. The incense makes the whole altar sweet; and we can understand what the poet means when he says that—

"Beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face."

On the other hand, no man can lead a gormandizing, sordid, or licentious life, and still wear a countenance hallowed and sanctified with a halo of peace and joy. Around such great manufacturing towns as Birmingham in England, or Pittsburg in this country, where bituminous coal is used, you will find the roses in the flower-beds and the strawberries and grapes on the vines blackened and defiled by a foul deposit from a thousand chimneys. Thus do obscene, profane, and irreverent men scatter their grime and stench upon the innocence and beauty around them, but most deeply and foully upon themselves.—*Horace Mann.*

From The Saturday Review.

DISCOVERIES IN THE SWISS LAKES.

It is rather strange that the surprising archaeological discoveries made of late years in the Swiss Lakes should be all but unknown in this country. The marvels of tropical Africa would appear to be more familiar to us than the wonders of the Lakes of Zurich and Constance; and people who are positively excited on the question of the exact relationship of the gorilla to the human race seem ignorant or careless of the fact that more evidence has been collected in the centre of Europe, during the last nine or ten years, respecting the most ancient condition of mankind than was ever suspected to exist or dreamed of before. The peculiar isolation of Switzerland has, perhaps, a great deal to do with the singular want of curiosity on the subject that prevails throughout Europe. The Swiss themselves are loud in their complaints that, while their country is yearly traversed from end to end by foreigners, and while not even the ice and snow on their mountain-peaks are left unexplored, their literature, their political state, and their social condition create less interest than those of the smallest German principality. It is at all events true that the wonderful additions to archaeological knowledge to which we are about to call attention remain a secret to all but a small circle, and a paper on the subject, which has recently appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, probably gives them their first chance of European celebrity.

The peasants who dwell on the shores of the Lakes of Switzerland had often stated that, at a short distance from the land, rows of stakes might be seen through the water, emerging from the mud of the bed. No interest was, however, attracted to this phenomenon till about eight years since. At the end of 1853, the waters of the Lake of Zurich sank considerably, and the thrifty proprietors of land on the bank proceeded at once to add to their estates the portion of the lake-bed left bare, by constructing permanent dykes against the return of the water. While these works were being carried on, a row, or rather a system, of stakes was discovered at some little depth below the surface. Excavations were begun at this spot, and the result was to disinter a great variety of objects which proved that a large

number of human beings had once had their dwellings supported over the water by the stakes. Curiosity having been once aroused, researches were prosecuted not only at Obemeilen, where the first discovery was made, but all over Switzerland. It was gradually established that the mud near the shore of almost every single Swiss lake supplied similar evidence. At some primeval period a population of very considerable density was shown to have lived in huts constructed on stages which rested on wooden supports driven into the bed, just as the Malays in Borneo and the Siamese at Bangkok may be seen living to this day. A wonderful number of articles pertaining to the daily life of these forgotten races have been brought to light. In some places, the materials of the dwellings have been preserved in the mud—the floor of hardened earth and the twisted branches and bark which formed the walls. Arms have been discovered in great quantities, tools from saws in flint to needles in bone, ornaments, children's toys, the remains of stored-up fruit of various kinds—nay even a cellar or receptacle full of corn, and a loaf of bread composed of bruised grain, and preserved by carbonization. By the side of these relics are found the bones of the animals whom they slew in the chase, many belonging to species extinct before the rise of history or barely mentioned in it. The urus, the bison, the elk, and the beaver, furnished them with food and with the materials for some of their most ingeniously constructed utensils. So plentiful and perfect are the remains found in the Lakes that much more has been learned concerning the daily life and manners of men whose existence was not suspected ten years ago, than is known of races which have left a famous name in history or tradition.

It is no doubt startling at first sight that these archaeological treasures should have been preserved in water rather than on land. But, now that the mud has given up its contents, it is not difficult for us to understand the service it has rendered. The truth is that the causes which help to conceal from us the monuments of our predecessors operate with far greater energy on land than in water such as fills the Swiss Lakes. The reason why the relics of former generations are comparatively scarce is not that they are destroyed so much as that they are buried.

Rubbish and dust are, in short, the great obscurers of the past. When successive generations continue to inhabit the same spot, each buries not only the bodies but the whole life of its predecessors. Rome is built on countless strata composed of former cities, and not a few destroyed Londons support the London of the present moment. Even when a town or village is once for all deserted, the process of destruction is rapid. Rain and wind level the walls, dust is whirled into the hollows, buildings melt together, and nothing but a protuberance on the plain remains to mark the side of a Babylon or a Nineveh. If, then, this is the fate of cities built in stone or brick, it ceases to be wonderful that monuments of the older races who made their dwellings of wood, or, still earlier, of wattled branches, should have altogether disappeared on land. The interest of the Swiss discoveries arises from the mitigation, in this particular instance, of the destroying forces. The materials and contents of the huts doubtless sank into the lake from the piles on which they rested, and lay on the bottom in an undistinguishable heap. The belief, indeed, of the Swiss antiquaries is that they were violently destroyed at various epochs. But the water into which they fell was still and calm. It did not wash them away, but year after year deposited over them a coat of mud, infinitely thinner and softer than the layers of rubbish which cover the memorials of a later time. The bed of each of these Lakes is known, in fact, from independent observations to be slowly rising; and, since the recent discoveries, attempts have been made to calculate the rate of its elevation, so as to derive approximately the age of the remains from the depth at which they are found. Some fragments of a Roman construction in the lake at Yverdun, of which the date is known, have supplied the basis of a calculation which has carried back the existence of the most ancient inhabitants of Switzerland to fifteen centuries at the least before the Christian era.

The Swiss antiquaries would not be men of their day if they had not constructed a minute and detailed history of the race they have unburied. Their pursuits, their religions, and their revolutions are boldly described by their discoverers. Soberer inquirers will limit considerably the number

of inferences which may be drawn from the remains. These extinct populations may be believed to have been partly agricultural, but their chief subsistence was derived no doubt from hunting. They had some regular industrial pursuits, for fragments of rude pottery have been found on several sites. That they were engaged in perpetual war is tolerably certain from the quantity of weapons found, and from the very circumstance of their securing themselves from surprise by building their villages on piles in the water. Certain of the monuments seem to have had a religious character, and to betoken some kind of religious belief. As to their history, the only evidence for creating it is identical with that which enables us to infer a certain progress among all the primeval races of Europe. Among the extinct populations of Switzerland, as in those of other parts of Europe, there was an age of flint, an age of bronze, and an age of iron. In certain villages, situated chiefly in Eastern Switzerland, all the utensils are of flint, fashioned by observing the natural cleavage, and the wood used bears the marks of the rude tools which had been long and painfully employed in cutting it. Other sites contain articles of bronze, and the pottery here found is less rude than that discovered among the population of the age of flint; it even presents some traces of a rough ornamentation. The plentifulness of bronze at such a time and in this part of Europe is not a little curious. Both the tin and the copper which compose it must have been brought from a great distance, and their presence singularly confirms Sir G. C. Lewis' theory of the antiquity of the overland trade from Britain through Gaul, more particularly as ornaments of coral and amber are found in villages of the same apparent age. The last of the eras indicated is that of iron. Ancient tools and other articles of iron are abundant in Western Switzerland, and exactly resemble those found in Gaul.

There is a fair probability that the three ages succeeded each other in the order in which they are usually placed. It is likely that human skill was first exercised on stone, and more than probable that the metals earliest used were copper and tin, both of which are distinguished for the ease with which they are obtained, particularly until

the surface supply is exhausted. The difficulty arising from the fact of their being found in very few localities is diminished when the antiquity of the trade in them is assumed on independent grounds. The uses of iron, the most widely diffused but the hardest to work of the metals, might be expected to be last of all discovered by mankind. The heroes of Homer, for instance, lived chiefly in the age of bronze, but had hardly entered on that of iron. Whether, so far as the Swiss races are concerned, the three eras succeeded each other abruptly, or melted gradually into one another, is a question which there is little or no evidence to decide. The antiquaries of Switzerland insist that they can trace two great revolutions. The men of bronze suddenly invaded the country and extirpated the men of flint,

to be afterwards in their turn extinguished by the men of iron. No doubt most of the villages were violently destroyed when they ceased to be inhabited, but why attribute to enemies with iron weapons what may quite as well have been done by foes armed with flint? In justice, however, to the Swiss theory, it must be added that the men of iron appear from their instruments to have been a Celtic race from Gaul, and from the size of their ornaments to have possessed larger and stronger frames than the earlier populations. As the Helvetians of history are known to have been a Celtic race, they may have been the invaders in question, who, after extirpating an aboriginal people, may have continued to occupy the country down to Roman times.

SECOND MARRIAGES IN IRELAND.—The Irish do not hold it strictly right for either man or woman to marry again; and if a woman does so, she prefaces it with an apology: "It's a father I was forced to put over his children, because I had no way for them, God help them; and this man, ye see, says, 'Mary,' says he, 'I have full plenty for them, and the Lord above, he knows it's justice I'll do them, and never hinder your prayers for the man ye lost, or anything in rason, or out of rason either;' and troth he kept his word wonderful." And the neighbors of the married widower apologize for him after this fashion: "Well, to be sure, we must consider he had a whole handful of soft children, and no one to turn round on the floor, or do a hand's turn for him; so it's small blame for him, after all." Or they condemn: "Yarra haish! to see an old struckdown like that set himself up with a young wife, and grown-up daughters in his house! To think of the hardness of him—passing the churchyard where the poor heart that loved him and his children is powdering into dust, passing the grave where the grass isn't yet long, with the slip of a girlieen in the place of her with the thoughtful head and the heavy hand. Oh, bedad! she'll punish him, I'll engage; and I'm glad of it." They are more angry with a woman for a second marriage than with a man, and certainly never consider a second union as holy as the first.—*Mrs. Hall's "Ireland."*

Lyrical Compositions selected from the Italian Poets, with Translations, by James Glassford, Esq., of Dougalston. He was an advocate at the Scottish Bar, and the author of various legal and literary works. The following is his version of Guarini's madrigal:—

"This is mortal life,
Seeming so fair, is like a feather tossed,
Borne on the wind, and in a moment lost.
Or, if with sudden wheel, it flies
Farther sometimes, and upward springs,
And then upon its wings
Sustained in air, as if self-balanced lies,
The lightness of its nature is the cause;
And swiftly, after little pause,
With thousand turns, and thousand idle stops,
Because it is of earth to earth it drops."

PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES.—It has often been remarked that the ancient pronunciation of proper names is commonly retained in spite of all orthographical changes. Thus Castle Hedingham, in Essex, is now usually pronounced by the natives Henningham, which was the old way of spelling that name.—*Notes and Queries.* W. J. D.

From The Examiner.

The Correspondence of Leigh Hunt. Edited by his Eldest Son. In Two Volumes. Smith, Elder, & Co.

If there were anybody left who distrusted the simplicity, the honest kindness, and the depths of a genuine religion in Leigh Hunt's nature, his eldest son has, by publishing his letters, wiped away the last stain of unkind thought from his father's memory. We do not like the publishing of private letters, least of all do we approve the publication when the correspondents are almost all of them living. But here the matter is, on the whole, so simple, the correspondents give living assent to the act of publication, and the purpose is so sacred, that the volumes can be no occasion of offence; their single purpose being, indeed, the removal of offence. How true a Christian speaks in this letter, written by Leigh Hunt, after the death of a child, to heal a family sore the source of which had, indeed, been his intercession between suffering and wrath:—

"Highgate, 25th September, 1827.

"You know what took place on Saturday last with my poor little boy.

"I think, if you could see his little gentle dead body, calm as an angel, and looking wise in his innocence beyond all the troubles of this earth, you would agree with me in concluding (especially as you have lost little darlings of your own) that there is nothing worth contesting here below, except who shall be kindest to one another.

"There seems to be something in these moments, by which life recommences with the survivors:—I mean, we seem to be beginning in a manner, the world again, with calmer, if with sadder thoughts, and wiping our eyes, and re-adjusting the burden on our backs, to set out anew on our roads, with a greater wish to help and console one another. Pray, let us be very much so, and prove it by drowning all disputes of the past in the affectionate tears of this moment. We cannot be sure that an angel is not now looking at us, and that we shall not bring a smile on his face, and a blessing upon our heads, by showing him an harmonious instead of a divided family. It is the only picture we can conceive of heaven itself. He was always for settling disputes when he saw them. He showed this disposition to the last; and though in the errors and frailties common to us all, we may naturally dislike to be taught by one another, we can

have no objection to be taught by an angelic little child.

"For God's sake, let us say no more of these unhappy disputes, be the mistakes whose they may. I speak as one who am out of the pale of them, which enables me to be calmer than those who are in it: and if this will leave me without any merit in trying to put an end to them, compared with those who will agree to do so (as I am heartily sure it would), the honor which the others will do themselves will be only so much the greater. But what signify such words among friends and fellow-creatures? The question is, not who can have most honor, not even who has been most right, but who can agree that there shall be no more question at all. Nobody knows of this letter but Thornton and his mother. There has not been a hint of it; and I shall keep it a secret till the moment when I think you have received and considered it, at which moment I shall communicate the copy of it elsewhere; that nobody may be able to say that they have been the first to agree to it. And so in the hope that it may turn to good (which is a hope, I confess, I strongly entertain), I remain your mourning but affectionate friend,

“LEIGH HUNT.

"P.S.—Shall we not all meet together very speedily at Ham, or Highgate, or St. Paul's Churchyard, and have one of the best, if not one of the merriest of my old evenings? Allow me to say without meaning offence to any one, that as the object of this letter is to end and not continue discussion, the readers will be good enough not to discuss anything past in their answer to it, nor take it amiss if I decline receiving any answer, in case they cannot oblige me with a happy one. The only additional thing I have to say, provided the latter comes (and it need only be verbal, if writing is troublesome), is, that while care be taken among ourselves that no allusion be made to past differences, unless to show our joy that they are over, so, among our other friends, nothing need be said but that the differences have been put an end to, and nobody remains in the wrong. And so, once more, God bless you! and keep us all in peace and charity.

"When a trouble takes place, of any sort, the best way is to try and turn it into a good, and make greater peace than there was before. The question is not of merit or demerit, on which, perhaps, all the circumstances of life being considered, all persons are equal; but we can be more or less kind to one another."

Such words never were meant to be printed, but there are none who may not be the wiser

and the gentler for having read them. Letters from other men here and there illustrate Leigh Hunt's correspondence. His own easy and idiomatic English when he first became a contributor to the *Quarterly Review* greatly alarmed the editor. A lecture from Macvey Napier on dignity of style was so wholly occupied with its subject, that some harshness of phrase was not observed, which wounded Hunt, as it would have hurt even a less sensitive man. The perplexed reviewer went for counsel to Macaulay, who replied with tact and kindness. We may quote the letter, as it bears upon the main question of style as directly as the letter we have just quoted illustrates personal character:—

"Albany, 29th October, 1841.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I do not wonder that you are hurt by Napier's letter, but I think you a little misunderstand him. I am confident that he has not taken any part of your conduct ill, and equally confident that by the expression *gentleman-like*, which certainly he might have spared, he meant not the smallest reflection either on your character or manners. I am certain that he means merely a literary criticism. His taste in composition is what would commonly be called classical,—not so catholic as mine, nor so tolerant of those mannerisms which are produced by the various tempers and trainings of men, and which, within certain limits, are, in my judgment, agreeable. Napier would thoroughly appreciate the merit of a writer like Bolingbroke or Robertson; but would, I think, be unpleasantly affected by the peculiarities of such a writer as Burton, Sterne, or Charles Lamb. He thinks your style too colloquial; and, no doubt, it has a very colloquial character. I wish it to retain that character, which to me is exceedingly pleasant. But I think that the danger against which you have to guard is excess in that direction. Napier is the very man to be startled by the smallest excess in that direction. Therefore I am not surprised that, when you proposed to send him a *chatty* article, he took fright, and recommended dignity and severity of style; and care to avoid what he calls vulgar expressions, such as *bit*. The question is purely one of taste. It has nothing to do with the morals or the honor.

"As to the tone of Napier's criticism, you must remember that his position with regard to the *Review*, and the habits of his life, are such that he cannot be expected to pick his words very nicely. He has superintended more than one great literary undertaking,—the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, for example. He has had to collect contributions from

hundreds of men of letters, and has been answerable to the publishers and to the public for the whole. Of course he has been under the necessity of very frequently correcting, disapproving, and positively rejecting articles; and is now as little disturbed about such things as Sir Benjamin Brodie about performing a surgical operation. To my own personal knowledge, he had positively refused to accept papers even from so great a man as Lord Brougham. He only a few months ago received an article on foreign politics from an eminent diplomatist. The style was not to his taste; and he altered it to an extent which greatly irritated the author. Mr. Carlyle formerly wrote for the *Review*,—a man of talents, though, in my opinion, absurdly overpraised by some of his admirers. I believe, though I do not know, that he ceased to write because the oddities of his diction and his new words compounded *à la Teutonique* drew such strong remonstrances from Napier. I could mention other instances, but these are sufficient to show you what I mean. He is really a good, friendly, and honorable man. He wishes for your assistance, but he thinks your style too colloquial. He conceives that, as the editor of the *Review*, he ought to tell you what he thinks. And, having during many years been in the habit of speaking his whole mind on such matters almost weekly to all sorts of people, he expresses himself with more plainness than delicacy. I shall probably have occasion to write to him in a day or two. I will tell him that one or two of his phrases have hurt your feelings, and that, I think, he would have avoided them if he had taken time to consider.

"If you ask my advice, it is this. Tell him that some of his expressions have given you pain; but you feel that you have no right to resent a mere difference of literary taste; that to attempt to unlearn a style already formed and to acquire one completely different would, as he must feel, be absurd, and that the result would be something intolerably stiff and unnatural; but that, as he thinks that a tone rather less colloquial would suit better with the general character of the *Review*, you will, without quitting the easy and familiar manner which is natural to you, avoid whatever even an unreasonably fastidious taste could regard as vulgarity. This is my honest advice. You may easily imagine how disagreeable it is to say anything about a difference between two persons for both of whom I entertain a sincere regard.—Believe me, dear sir, yours very truly,

T. B. MACAULAY."

Charles Lamb is among the correspondents. Among other talk he writes:—

"I have got acquainted with Mr. Irving, the Scotch preacher, whose fame must have reached you. He is an humble disciple at the foot of Gamaliel S. T. C. Judge how his own sectarists must stare when I tell you he has dedicated a book to S. T. C., acknowledging to have learnt more of the nature of Faith, Christianity, and Christian Church, from him than from all the men he ever conversed with. He is a most amiable, sincere, modest man in a room, this Boanerges in the temple. Mrs. Montague told him the

dedication would do him no good. 'That shall be a reason for doing it,' was his answer. Judge, now, whether this man be a quack."

The volume is hardly one to discuss, or largely to quote from. Its place is beside Leigh Hunt's "Autobiography," to which it adds much of that personal coloring which was wanting to an autobiographer who talked more willingly of his friends than of himself.

THE RAILWAYS OF THE WORLD.—It is estimated that there are now completed and in operation throughout the world 70,000 miles of railway, which cost the sum of \$5,850,000,000. The extent of railway known to be in operation, from actual returns, according to the London Engineer, is as follows:—

	Miles open.
England and Wales,	7,583
Scotland,	1,486
Ireland,	1,364
India,	1,408
Canada,	1,826
New Brunswick,	175
Nova Scotia,	99
Victoria,	183
New South Wales,	125
Cape of Good Hope,	28

Total, Great Britain and Colonies, 14,277

Continental Railways.

France,	6,147
Prussia,	3,162
Austria,	3,165
Other German States, . . .	3,239
Spain,	1,450
Italy,	1,350
Rome,	50
Russia,	1,289 1-2
Denmark,	262
Norway,	63
Sweden,	288
Belgium,	955
Holland,	308
Switzerland,	600
Portugal,	80
Turkey,	80
Egypt,	204

Total, 22,692 1-2

North and South America.

Exclusive of British America, the railways of which are included with Great Britain and Colonies:—

United States,	22,384 1-2
Confederate States,	8,784
Mexico,	20
Cuba,	500
New Granada,	49 1-2
Brazil,	111 1-2
Paraguay,	8
Chili,	195
Peru,	50
Total,	32,102 1-2
Grand total of all the railways in the world,	69,072

It will be seen that the United States possess the most extensive system of railways of any country in the world. This method of inter-communication has been developed with extraordinary rapidity in the United States, and although temporarily checked by the civil war, will, when the rebellion is crushed, be even more rapidly extended than in the past.

PEACE CONGRESS PROPOSED IN 1693.—Who is the author of a little book, of which the following is the title:—

"An Essay towards the Present and Future Peace of Europe, by the Establishment of an European Dyet, Parliament, or Estates. *Beati Pacifici. Cædant Armæ Sogæ* (sic). London: Printed in the Year 1693. 24mo, 67 pp., and 3 pp. 'To the Reader.'"

The writer proposes that the sovereign princes of Europe should meet by their stated deputies in a General Diet, Estates, or Parliament; and then establish rules of justice for sovereign princes to observe to one another. The volume has the appearance of having been privately printed, and the copy which is here described belonged to Bindley and Heber, having been formerly in the possession of an earl (Qu. the name), whose coronet is on the side of the book. —*Notes and Queries.* P. C. P.

From The Boston Daily Advertiser, 18 March.
BRITISH SYMPATHY AND JUDGMENT.

It is not a little interesting to see the rapidity with which our people are becoming emancipated from their dependence upon English opinion. Whoever will recall the extraordinary interest with which Mr. Russell's earlier letters from this country were looked for, will be sensible how great is the change. His reports and the comments of the *London Times* were followed from week to week, with intense eagerness to learn the view which a foreign observer would take of our affairs. And even before that, English comments on the progress of the secession movement were watched and repeated with never-failing curiosity. It was not a dignified position however for a great nation, conscious of being in the right, to stand thus listening for a European echo; but the nation, in extremity, craved sympathy for its misfortunes and condemnation of traitors, and thought that both were sure to come from our kindred in blood. It was the common failing of our human nature,—aggravated, we must add, by a long education in a half provincial deference to English judgment.

Without allusion to any other changes, we have now to notice an indifference which strangely contrasts with the old anxiety. The letters of the correspondent Russell and the essays of the *Times* cannot now find readers on this side of the ocean. The other organs of English opinion equally fail to awaken attention. If any English statesman now proclaims his views upon our affairs, his words are noticed only as they seem to bear upon the military question of the day. We do not say that it is or is not well to be thus negligent of the praise or censure of others. The fact is as we have stated. Our people have sounded the depths of foreign criticism and show no disposition any longer to look to it as a test of their conduct. And we apprehend that this liberation is not temporary merely, but that it will prove lasting, and that increased independence and self-reliance as a nation will be one of the compensations which are to offset the miseries of this unhappy contest.

It seems the more probable that this new independence will be lasting, from the peculiar manner in which the nation has been forced into it. This is no voluntary emancipation. Our people would gladly have leaned upon that moral support which they so fondly hoped to receive. No nation ever suffered more severely from wounded vanity, or ever endured a more mortifying surprise, than our own, when instead of sympathy it found cold indifference, and thinly disguised contempt in the place of respect. It was purged as if by fire, of all remnant of regard or desire for, or reliance upon opinion abroad. It was forced to pass through the heaviest trial that can befall a nation, not only unaided and unsupported, but with the constant assurance of disapproval and the constant suspicion of worse; and we have little belief that when the crisis is past and less important topics fill the public mind, the country will resume that dependence upon the opinion of others, which it has now been compelled to cast off with such a signal sacrifice of national pride.

The cause of the change, however, has not been merely that English opinion has proved unfavorable. It has proved to be worthless, whether favorable or otherwise. With a few signal exceptions, the opinions of the English press and of English public men have been based upon palpably defective information, and glaring misrepresentation of fact. The ignorance of fact and history may not surprise and ought not to wound us; but it is impossible to respect the judgment, which confidently pronounces opinions drawn from the depths of that ignorance. Whether we will or not, we are compelled to recognize the unsound character of the conclusions reached from such slender premises; and thus it happens that at this moment, when the sentiment of England begins to show an unmistakable leaning in our favor, it concerns our people as little as the unsparing condemnation, as to which we had to learn indifference a short time since. In neither case does it appear that the judgment passed upon our affairs is based upon anything more than a mere superficial view of the chances of success.

From The Press.

READINGS ON THE PROPHETS.*

DR. CUMMING informs us that these expositions were read in church on Sunday evenings; that he considers them more useful and practical than learned, and that they are therefore well adapted for reading in families and schools; that they have interested a congregation, and that they may now profit a larger circle. After a close examination of the book, and an attentive perusal of many of the readings, we have no hesitation in expressing our belief that the opinion of the author upon his own work is far within the truth and modest in the extreme. It is true the readings are familiar and practical in their style and application; but they abound in learning—in intelligible, interesting, and masterly expositions of doubtful and difficult passages, and in zealous and eloquent exhortation. The subject matter commented upon is so grand in itself, so full of the most beautiful imagery, and so rich in the most appropriate illustrations of all kinds, that it could not fail, especially in the hands of Dr. Cumming, whose writings are generally distinguished by an eloquent style, to become more than ordinarily interesting and attractive. Yet all is simple and natural; nothing is forced, and nowhere is perceptible the least straining after effect. The good old rule has been strictly followed of allowing great things to speak for themselves in the simplest yet beautiful language. Each reading contains an exposition of one chapter, the scope, difficulties, and application of which are concisely explained in a few pages, so that almost every paragraph contains matter of interest or import, to attract the attention and make even the careless pause either to consider or admire. We would point to the reading on the fifty-seventh chapter, entitled "Peace," as one of the best examples of the exhortatory style. "There are some people," says the author, "who think God, on the whole, is in their debt, and that, on the whole, they have done so well that they honestly have a claim upon heaven, or a right to draw upon

its capital. . . . Keep the truth out of a wicked man's heart, and he has perfect peace; he is under a ceaseless opiate. . . . We need at every point to be convinced that the best thought we ever thought, the noblest word we ever spoke, the grandest deed we ever did, weighed in the scales of the sanctuary, is altogether wanting." Upon these three sentences, which are the key-notes of the whole, is founded one of the most impressive readings in the volume; as much characterized by its fervid eloquence as by its calm reasoning, as earnest as it is practical in every line. As a sample of the explanatory portion of the book we give the following, taken from the first reading, the text commented upon being,—"The destruction of the transgressors shall be together. And they shall be ashamed of the oaks which ye have desired:"—

"The Druids were called so from *Δρυς*, the Greek, perhaps from an earlier word, which means the oak, because the oaks were the first temples; and very magnificent and solemn ones they were too. In fact, the architecture of a magnificent mediæval cathedral is merely man's poor copy of a more magnificent forest. If you go into a great forest of full-grown trees, when the leaves have all dropped off in winter, you will be able to see the exquisite interlacing of the branches, and stretching forward you will see the long-drawn aisles, nave and transepts, and choirs, and you will feel the effect of the beautiful perspective, heightened by the deep and sombre gloom that settles over it all. All this was the original type of a mediæval cathedral; only man's copy falls far short of God's grand original. The Jews also worshipped idols below oaks; but they shall be ashamed of them."

We have much pleasure in recommending this volume to all readers. It is fitted both for the old and the young, the ignorant and the learned, the wise and the simple. It fully explains and illustrates the sublimest of all the Prophetical Books. It often makes clear what to the ordinary reader must seem dark and obscure; while the treatment of its subject matter cannot fail to set more enlightened readers upon many a lofty path of thought which, when not fully dwelt upon, is always clearly pointed out by the learned and eloquent author.

* Readings on the Prophets—Isaiah. A Familiar and Popular Exposition for Sunday Reading. By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D., F.R.S.E., Minister of the Scottish National Church, Crown Court, Covent Garden. London: Bentley.

LADY BARBARA.

"My brains within my foolish head
Are dancing La Tarantula,
For just beyond the dahlia bed
I saw my Lady Barbara.
And all my veins are filled with flame,
And all my comrades say the same.

"The Lady Barbara sits away
In a bower of buhl and jewellery,
Rose curtains shield her from the day,
And she sits and brooders her broidery.
And looks at her purple flowers which die
In her silver vases deliciously.

"And her hair comes floating lazily down
Like ripples which a fountain makes,
Woof of gold and warp of brown,
Like the color of Indian watersnakes.
And she moves it quick as a swallow's
wing,
Or the wings of a bee that is murmuring.

"I don't think she is a woman at all,
Her heart is made of chameleon skin,
Covered over with portraits small
Of the lovers she has taken in.
And I think I can hear her silvery laugh,
As she looks at each poor little photo-
graph."

Her heart is like a nautilus shell
Afloat on seas of silver light,
Trimming and veering her sail so well
At every breath of air in the night.
And as quick to its nest as a harvest-
mouse,
Pflan! at a sound it's safe in its house.

You offer yourself unasked at her shrine,
A foolish calf at her altar sighs,
She smiles—forgets you—and why repine?
Gods don't care much for one sacrifice.
Does Juggernaut care for his victims'
moans,
Or is he to blame for their broken bones?

She sits in splendor like the sun,
Shining with nothing at all to do,
She expects to be worshipped by every one,
But she does not much care for me or for you.
She's a flirt and a humbug—Halte-là!
Don't speak ill of my Lady Barbara.

—Once a Week.

C. ELTON.

NOT COMFORTLESS.

"I WILL not leave you comfortless:"
Thus to his own the great Consoler said,
When they were dumb and sorrowful with dread,
So soon no more to see his face.

We cannot say to our beloved,
In the dark hour when death-shades round us
press,
"Dear hearts! I will not leave you comfortless:
Give me the parting kiss unmoved."

We may not come again to bless,
With words or deeds, the hearts that beat to
ours;
Wrapped in the clouds that break in Grief's cold
showers,
We have to leave them comfortless.

Our strength which is the dear ones' staff,
Goes with us down to the drear doom of dust;
Our truth, our love, they may no longer trust;
Clay cannot feel in their behalf.

It sometimes were not sad to die,
If we could say, in Nature's breaking stress,
"Fond friends! I will not leave you comfortless,
Though ye no more may see me nigh."

And what if these poor lips of mine,
And yours, O friends, may never say in death,
To those who cling to us with fluttering breath,
These words of peace and power divine?

They live and glow with tenderness
As true and warm as when the Master spake,
And said, his servants' spell of fear to break,
"I will not leave you comfortless."

The great Consoler feels again
The parting pangs of death-discovered hearts;
And, evermore, to faith his grace imparts—
To still their fears and ease their pain.

Like balm upon our sore distress,
When our weak hearts from loved ones here are
rent,
Shall fall Christ's fadeless words of ravishment,
"I will not leave them comfortless."

Well may we trust to him, to bless
The breaking hearts that we must leave below,
And with his words uplift them as we go,
"I will not leave you comfortless."

Jan. 26, 1862.

W. C. R.

—Examiner, N. Y.